McAllister & Beaver

THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T, TUTEN, EDITOR.

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Political Notes.

—"Who's elected, anyhow,"

—O, Liberty! what bosh is written in thy name by Democratic editors!

—Threats of violence come in from the Confederate Democracy in steady chorus.

—This campaign has taught the people that it does not take a great deal of Democratic stuffing to turn up a knave from the bottom of the pack.

—The Democrats in New Jersey have established a precedent on the electoral vote by refusing to receive protests against one who was and is United States Commissioner. This will do to remember.

—The inconsistency of the Democrats with regard to the Presidential muddle is seen by their justification of a resort to the courts in South Carolina, and their objection to it in Louisiana. In the first-named state the preponderant composition of the court is Democratic—in the last-named it is Republican.

—Ex-Lieutenant Governor Pacheco, of California, Republican, was elected to Congress by one majority over his Democratic opponent. Whereupon the Detroit *Post*, with quiet but effective satire, observes:

According to the Democratic interpretation of the law, the Legislature of the State ought to elect a Democrat and send him to Congress instead.

—Gov. Hayes went through one of the bitterest campaigns in our history, and came out of it without a blot on his character. He has virtually said that he will not accept the Presidency if he is "counted in by fraud, of which there is a reasonable suspicion," and his word can be depended on. It will be time enough to get excited when he shows signs of breaking his word.

—He is not a friend of his country who consels anything but peace and order, whether Hayes or Tilden be declared elected. Good citizens on both sides are very earnest, believing that the success of their candidate is of the greatest importance to the country; but no good citizen will deny that country is above party, and that the maintenance of republican institutions far transcends in importance the success of either party.

—While Russia, England and Turkey are strutting about with chips on their shoulders and daring each other to knock them off, France is quietly improving the golden opportunity by selling arms and munitions to both and gathering in the money. The cunning Gaul is awaiting the time when all Europe shall be embroiled about the eastern question, and then, when Germany takes a share in the discussion, he will come in with revenge for Sedan.

—One of Tilden's missionaries to Florida, for the ostensible purpose of seeing a fair count, having been detected in an attempt to bribe a member of the returning board, has suddenly left the state. This is but in keeping with the policy of the Democratic campaign, and illustrates very clearly how it was concluded. Where men could not be purchased intimidation was resorted to, ballot boxes stuffed or broken, and negroes murdered outright, to further the cause of "reform." A greater sham never existed on the face of the earth than modern Democracy under the directions of Samuel J. Tilden.

——For weeks past the *Watchman* has had a rooster at the head of its columns crowing lustily over the so called Democratic victory. In the first week after the election it came out with a whole page of birds, now it has dwindled down to one. And thus Tennyson, amended, do we say to that one solitary fowl:

"Low, my bird, sing low; it fills my soul with loathing
To hear you waste your crow, crowing over nothing.
Bulletins are frauds, and specials are but vanities;
And all your lies can't make things appear much better than it is.
Low, bird, low—
Hide your head beneath your wing, and modulate your crow.

"Low, my bird, crow low; what's the use of hollowing!
Radical returning boards all our votes are collaring!
South Carolina's gone all wrong; I'm badly left in Florida,
And Hayes has Louisiana fixed so that he'll beat me horribly.
Low, bird, low;
Flap your wings less noiselessly, and weaken in your crow."

The Presidential Question.

The Conclusions of Experience—Views of Hon. Edward McPherson—The Legal Return of Electoral Votes must be Accepted.

Hon. Edward McPherson having been asked by the editor of the Philadelphia *Times* to give his views on the Presidential question, replies as follows:

"I have your note of the 18th inst., asking my opinion as to the "powers of Congress to arrest what it may deem an actual fraud in a Presidential return," and especially "what *might* either or both Houses do in such a case?"

Let us see the precise case before us. The vote for electors is by states. All the machinery of the election is under the control of the states. The returns are made by local officers and sent to appropriate state officials for ascertainment of result. By the statutes of the United States the making and certifying of the list of electors chosen is devolved upon the Governor of each state, which list, so certified, become part of the record, and are the evidence of the authority by which the electors act. The electors themselves, being also officers of the state, certify the results of their various votes, two of which certificates are sent, one by one of themselves, duly appointed, and one by mail to the president of the Senate, and the third is deposited with the United States Judge for the district.

Now, a paper thus certified in the manner required by law, coming to the president of the Senate and by him opened in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, and having every seal of authenticity and mark of regularity, is entitled to be received and counted as such in computing the votes of electors. It can not be discredited then and there, or anywhere, except on being attacked and proved unworthy of "full faith and credence," in an investigation, of which the parties in interest have notice, and in manner to prescribe by law. Until so provided, the analogies of the case, the force of practice and the presumptions of law combine to pronounce it good.

The analogies of legislative practice are very clear. Each Representative receives, from state officers, his credential of election. That credential, when complying in form and substance with the requirements of law, binds all ministerial officers and the House itself, and entitles the holder to be qualified. After the organization of the House his certificate may, under the constitutional provision, be attacked, and may be proved to have been illegal or erroneously issued, in either of which events the holder may be unseated. But until such proof be made and the majority of the body be convinced to the contrary, the legality of his title is as perfect as that of any unchallenged member.

This rule has been inflexibly maintained, through good as well as evil report, and against every form of temptation to break it. And this, because it is wisely based upon the great fact that in a government like ours, which is in constant process of renewal, there must be at times persons to whose acts absolute trust must be for the time given. The uniform voice of the House, for seventy odd years, had been that the regular certificates of proper certifying officers of a state on matters devolved upon them by law are prima facie absolute proof of title in the holder. The rule, as good as it is, has sometimes worked injustice to persons; for certifying officers have been misled by erroneous returns sent up to them, or have avoided the manly discharge of a plain duty. Nor are its possibilities of its injustice confined to persons. See how narrowly it has escaped working, a year hence, a marked injustice to one of the greatest parties of the nation. A change of a few hundred votes in certain districts would, as far as now known, have reduced the Democratic majority in the next House from (say) eleven votes to one vote. The vote making that majority might, according to this supposition, have proved to be that of Mr. William Walsh, of the Sixth district of Maryland, who was, by clerical error, returned elected by fourteen majority, and will it is presumed, get the Governor's certificate of election, but who, on a recount of the ballots yet in the boxes, proves to have been defeated by five votes. On this state of facts Mr. Walsh's vote would elect the next speaker of the House, enable the majority, thereby made, to sieze all the powers of the House and to keep them until they would decide to seat Mr. McComas, and thereby make themselves the minority. In the light of what we know, that event could not be looked for at a very early period in the session.

Such incidents are inseperable from the operation of the rule, as like incidents are inseperable from the operation of any other rule; but they are not arguments against it. Some governing principle, imperative and inflexible, must exist. In our system none can be devised which, on the whole, is so safe as this one. For the United States has, for guaranty of its safety under it, all the bulwarks erected by the states against the crimes which the execution of false and fraudulent papers involve.

Now, to the specific point of the rightful powers of either House, or both Houses, over these certificates. The Constitution provides that the president of the Senate, after receiving them, "shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates." What are the "certificates?" They are the legally executed papers of the proper state officers, showing the authority of the electors and the votes cast by them. These are to be opened, and (the Constitution further says) "the votes shall then be counted." What votes? Of course, the votes set forth in the certificates. When are they to be counted? Then—upon the reading of them. By whom? By the president of the Senate; or, if you please, for convenience, by tellers appointed to make the entries, foot up the totals, and prepare the record. To assume that because the two Houses have heretofore had tellers, therefore they have the right to reject these certificates and deny the averments contained in them, is pure assumption, is against the reason of the thing, and is without any warrant in the Constitution. Why are the votes then to be counted? Because, in the nature of the case, there can be nothing else contemplated. How can either House intelligently decide an allegation of fraud, for instance, without investigation, without debate, without the deliberation which so solemn an act not only presupposes, but requires? To my mind, any view which claims for the two Houses, or either House, the right to throw out a properly certified return is essentially, thoroughly, and radically vicious. I cannot see where either of those bodies gets any authority for such an act as to any proper certificate coming from any state in the Union. If there could be two conflicting certificates from two bodies claiming to be the electoral college of a state, each bearing a certificate from the actual and recognized governor of such state, it might be claimed that from the necessity of the case, there must be, somewhere, a right to pass upon them. But, happily, there can be now no such case; for when, on the first day of its session, the present House of Representatives recognized William Pitt Kellogg as the Governor of Louisiana, it destroyed the possibility of this further complication arising to aggravate existing apprehensions.

Against the view in this letter, I know may be quoted, as somewhat antagonistic the twenty-second joint rule of 1865. That rule had its origin in events which grew out of a state of actual war, and was afterwards accepted, in 1869 and in 1873, with little attention paid to its underlying principle. It appears to me as indefensible in principle, and, as it proved, pernicious in practice and positively alarming in its possibilities of mischief. It is not unnatural that the two Houses should gradually seek to extend their authority over this delicate but important function of declaring the election of a President—enlargement of authority and aggrandizement of power being the law of all organizations. But it has no constitutional sanction in terms, is against sound reason, and was full of peril to the peace of the nation. Its death was an unmixed blessing to all the people. The proceedings under it, in 1869 and 1873, but especially in 1873, proved it to be, in the expressive language of a Democratic senator, "an enormity." If it existed to-day, armed as it was with a direct temptation to the majority of each House to reject the vote of state after state, uncontrolled by any power except its own will, in a time of deep and overmastering passion, and under circumstances which forbid adequate proof or calm debate, or even simple deliberation, every patriot must have trembled with anxiety at the approach of the second Wednesday in February next. The country should be heartily thankful that at least this peril and shame do not remain to rend us with anxiety.

But it may be asked, is there no remedy to be offered to a defeated candidate who may believe himself defrauded of his office? The only remedy he can have is the only one of which the case admits—a remedy by contest. How is that to be afforded? The second clause of the second article says: "Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress," etc. This appears to give control of the whole subject to the legislatures of the states, including everything involved in the "appointment." A remedy by contest in the state might not answer the purpose, and could hardly be made between the date of election and the date of the electoral vote, both of which, however, are fixed by Congress and might be changed. There appears to be nothing in the Constitution to indicate a purpose on the part of its framers that Congress should exercise any authority over the election, except to see that the electors are what they purport to be. This might be held to be a casus omissus, or it might be interpreted, in the light of section 2, article 2, as meaning to throw all power, and with it all responsibility, upon the states. If the former, it could be supplied by amendment to meet further cases. If the latter, some means should be devised, if possible, to make effective this right of contest. If it does not now exist in effective form, this defeated candidate, whoever he may be, is without remedy. But that fact furnishes no occasion for overriding, in the further necessary steps, one of the plainest, simplest, and most valuable of our fundamental principles, and exercising a power not conferred in the Constitution, and not in harmony with its manifest theory on the subject. The remedy of contest is the remedy of precedent, of order, of reason, of patriotism. All else is anarchy. Should this remedy be ineffectual for a present purpose, it is better to acquiesce in the misfortune than to invite to evils which no man can measure.

Very respectfully yours,
EDWARD MCPHERSON.
GETTYSBURG, Nov. 23, 1876.

Correspondence.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN—*Dear Sir:*—I wish to correct a false impression about myself, politically, viz: That I voted for Tilden, which I emphatically deny. It all started from a remark I made after the Ohio and Indiana election, viz: When the first news came favorable to Democracy, I said, "I presumed that the gratification I would lose by those states going Democratic, would be gained by my father, who was a life-long Democrat, and I did not know that he ever voted anything else." Now if any sensible man can construe those words to mean that I assented to vote for *Tilden*, they can see points that I can not. I never thought of supporting the Democratic nominee for President, much less voting for him. It would have been suicidal policy in me, holding at the same time a United States office. However, several Republicans of this place, Millheim, (who wish to attend every persons business but their own) spread the news on election day through this part of the valley. They done this without consulting me or without regard to veracity at all. I, at the time, paid no particular attention to the report, considering that it was discredited by the better thinking Republicans. Since then, however, one or two Republicans in Aaronsburg (laboring under a strange hallucination of mind politically,) have seized this report as a pretext to have me removed from office and have their "pet," of that place, installed in lieu, which I consider a manifest injustice. I know and can prove that I am as sound a Republican as any man they can produce in Aaronsburg (Dr. Musser not excepted), never having voted any other party in my life; but because I do not blackguard persons of the opposite party, they doubt my soundness. I have made it a rule of my life to follow Dr. Littleton's precept, "Do all the good I can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

If those Aaronburgers wish any further information on the subject, I am willing to be qualified that I voted the Republican ticket. Can prove it by the board, by three other responsible witnesses, or am willing to go and have the ticket exhumed from the ballot box and have it examined. If that is not sufficient they will have to be given over to hardness of *heart*.

Had I voted the contrary party, I would have gone back on the pledge made in my letter of withdrawal to the Republican Convention of Centre Co., and made myself a *hypocrite* that should be shunned by all parties.

S. O. MCCURDY.

Millheim, Nov. 29, 1876.

——All travelers should procure an accident ticket from W. B. Rankin.

——There have been eight legal holidays already this year, and Christmas will make one more.

——The Ladies Missionary Society will meet in the Presbyterian Wigwam next Thursday (to-morrow) evening. Upon this occasion the gentlemen are expected to be present, and as it is the anniversary it will no doubt be a very interesting occasion. This society is conducted entirely by the ladies; Mrs. Orbison is the president, and Miss Abby Rankin the secretary. It meets every two weeks at the houses of the members. Interesting letters are read from the different missionary points throughout the world, religious services are held, etc. Much good has and will be done by the well directed efforts of these ladies.

Analysis of the Vote for Presidential Electors Nov. 7, 1876.

The following statement, compiled from the census of 1870, shows the relative geographical area, wealth, population and intelligence of the Hayes and Tilden states:

	AREA.	WEALTH.		ILLITERACY.	
	Sq. miles.	Real and Personal Property.	Population	No. of persons who cannot read.	No. of persons who cannot write.
Aggregate of all the states	2,088,967	$29,642,778,443	38,155,505	4,444,503	5,559,311
Total of Tilden's States	850,237	14,468,704,871	19,764,292	3,257,683	3,973,611
Total of Hayes's states	1,238,730	15,374,073,572	18,391,213	1,186,820	1,575,700
Excess of Hayes's states	388,493	905,368,701			
Excess of Tilden's states			1,373,079	2,070,863	2,397,911

Hence the states represented in the vote of Hayes, if elected, contain nearly 400,000 square miles more of territory than the area embraced in the states represented by the vote of Tilden, and nearly $1,000,000,000 more of the wealth of the nation; while those represented by Tilden's vote embraces nearly all the ignorance and consequent crime of the nation, and those represented by the vote of Hayes its very highest intelligence, the noblest culture and learning, as they do its greatest wealth and taxation, and the largest portion of its geographical area. By a singular perversity of things, the vote of Tilden, the candidate of the men and party who labor to disfranchise the negro, to wrest from him all political power, represents the great bulk of the negro population, and Hayes' vote a vast majority of the white population, as it does the land, the wealth, and the intelligence of the Republic.

Analyze and run the parallel as you will, the result is the same: in the relative number of libraries, public and private, and in the number of their volumns; in the relative number of institutions of learning and school facilities and attendance, in the relative number of authors and works published and read, and newspapers and periodicals printed; in the relative character of populations, their relative thrift, industry, wealth and morals; under every analysis and comparison, the dread color line of ignorance and crime bounds and darkens the Tilden states. That, too, while giving Tilden all the advantages of the notorious Democratic violence and fraud at the late election, while counting for him all the states thus carried. Thus the electoral vote of New York will be counted for him. But is he legally entitled to the vote? He carried New York city and its surroundings through the terrible frauds of its vicious classes. The state was heavily against him. Thus the city, by its frauds and crimes, disfranchises the legal majority in the state, and Tilden will count its electoral vote as the representative, not of its legal popular majority, but of its Five Points and its criminal classes.

In like manner, and for like reasons, Tilden will count the electoral vote of Indiana, only carried for him by the fraudulent Kentucky vote, principally in three counties, against the legal popular majority of the state; and of New Jersey and Connecticut, only carried for him by colonization, false naturalization and registration, and wholesale repeating, violently disfranchising as in New York, the legal popular majorities of those states.

In the South the violence and fraud was even more notorious and flagrant, and the pretended popular majorities even greater cheats. The election, indeed, was simply an infamous and bloody farce; it was no election. In the states of Georgia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, etc., with the state governments and all the machinery of election under the control of the Confederates, no Republican organization or canvass was permitted, and the pretended popular majorities returned are simply the handiwork of their returning boards or state officers. In North Carolina the Republicans carried the state by a handsome majority on the legal vote. The returns show that their candidates polled a heavier vote than was ever before polled by any party in the state, but the ballot-box stuffing in the Vance counties disfranchises the legal popular majority in the state. In Alabama and Mississippi crime rioted in all manner of devilry. In the two states, both confessedly Republican by at least sixty or seventy thousand votes, the pretended Democratic majorities reach 80,000; and as in Mississippi and Alabama, so by systematic intimidation, through organized violence and blood, they desperately attempted to wrest South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida from their legal Republican majorities.

Hence, if we strike from Tilden's poll the majorities thus obtained through gigantic fraud, he has not carried six of the seventeen states claimed for him, and he stands in an immense minority of the legal popular vote, as he does in the representation of the wealth and intelligence of the nation.

The infamous and violent fraud, in the form of an election just closed, has no parallel in the history of free government. In 1861 the Democratic rebellion was, by force of arms, to destroy the Union, to blot out the Republic from the family of nations, and to erect an oligarchy, based upon negro slavery, upon the ruins of American liberty. In 1876 the Confederate Democratic conspiricy is but slightly modified—a rebellion by all malignant agencies, by systematic intimidation and fraud, through organized violence and murder, to disfranchise the legal, popular majorities of the states, to subvert the Constitution, to destroy the Democratic principle underlying it and our laws, and substitute for it, in the rule of the government and nation, the old oligarchical tyranny! Have they succeeded? God save the Republic!

Fashion Notes.

Bonnets defy description with their unique shapes, oddly trimmed crowns, and brims clinging close to the head.

The fronts of some bonnets are bent irregularly, having an indented point on the left of the face; others show crowns tapered almost to a point.

Ostrich feathers, short and well curled, are worn in clusters.

Contrasts of color and two shades to one color are equally fashionable.

The bonnet is usually of the darkest shade, with facings and trimmings of the highest tint, though this order is sometimes reversed.

Felt bonnets will be selected to costumes for second best occasions.

THE annual report of the Chief of Ordnance complained that the effect of the insufficient appropriations by the House for the manufacture of arms has seriously crippled the army. The amount, it will be remembered, was reduced to less than half the annual appropriations before the war. There was probably design in it.

——Go to Green's for your drugs.

Miscellaneous.

How to make Vienna Bread.

Most of our readers who visited the Centennial Exhibition no doubt patronized the restaurant known as the "Vienna Bakery," or witnessed the process of the "compressed yeast." This bread attracted a great deal of attention, and was very popular. The New York *World* give the following detailed receipt for making it: "Sift in a tin pan four pounds of flour, bank it up against the sides, pour in one quart of milk and water, and mix into it enough flour to form a thin batter; then quickly and lightly add one pint of milk, in which is dissolved one ounce of salt and one and three-quarters ounces of Gaff and Fleischman's compressed yeast; leave the remainder of the flour against the bottom and sides of the pan; cover the pan with a cloth and set it in a place free from draught for three-quarters of an hour; then mix in the rest of the flour until the dough will leave the bottom and sides of the pan, and let it stand two and a half hours. Finally divide the mass into one pound pieces, to be cut in turn into twelve parts each. This gives square pieces, about three and a half inches thick, each corner of which is taken up and folded over to the centre, and then the cakes turned over on a dough-board to rise for half an hour, when they are put into a hot oven that bakes them in ten minutes."

How a Fat Man Subdued a Robber.

A German, named Fred Weisenburg, while proceeding along Market street, near Nineteenth, was intercepted by two rough-looking customers, who asked him for his valuables. He placidly bade them go to Jericho, and made a vigorous lunge for the throat of the spokesman, at the same time shouting "Police!" The highwaymen quaked at the sonorous cry, and turning on their heels darted off at a lively pace. Weisenberg started after one of them, and was gaining on him when the fellow turned and discharged a shot at his pursuer. The stolid German, undismayed by the flash and the warning whistle of the bullet past his ear, sped on and followed the fugitive into a dark street, where the latter hopped nimbly over a fence. To "follow the leader" in this last instance proved to be the most distressing experience of the evening for the corpulent German, but after much exertion and considerable puffing, he clambered to the top and fell over with a thud upon the prostrate body of the robber, who was crouched under the shadow of the fence completely exhausted, with a derringer clutched in his fist. The German took the pistol away, and lifted his corpulent form up and allowed himself to drop on the frightened man three or four times, until he begged for mercy. The captor then forced him to rescale the fence, and marched him to prison, where he was charged with assault with attempt to murder and attempt to rob. In his pockets were found a number of burglars tools.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

—And now the Democracy are delighted with Judge Moses! Not many months since he was to them a perfect reprobate, devoid of principle, honor or decency. Governor Chamberlin believed so, too, and refused to make him Judge. Then this consistent Democracy wanted Chamberlain to accept its nomination for Governor. This he would not do; they run Hampton; Moses attempts to to use his power as Judge to beat his old enemy, Chamberlain, and Democrats north and south, with and without knowledge of the facts, proceed at once to commend this Moses. If Moses was disreputable a year since what has worked the reformation? If Chamberlain was so trustworthy and honorable then, why is he so dishonorable now? Answer: If a man plays into the hands of the Democracy, be it fairly or foully, he is to be praised; if he opposes it, right or wrong, he is to be condemned. And this South Carolina Democracy is the cream of chivalry!—*Gazette & Bulletin.*

—Mr. Randall's friends are re-printing their old eulogies of him. The *Baltimore Gazette* reproduces a familiar one as follows: "No one in the popular branch of Congress is looked to with greater confidence by the Democratic masses than the gentleman referred to. His election as Speaker will give entire satisfaction throughout the country, and will certainly be the means of putting the right man in the right place.

—The Republican court, headed by Moses, in South Carolina, which is suddenly so great a pet with the Democracy, made a fine proposition to the canvassing board. It was simply this: They should not go behind the returns as to members of the legislature and state officers, but must go behind the returns as to electors. That is, heads I win and tails you lose—and the Democracy the broad land over applauded.

—In Florida the returns from one county and in Louisiana the returns from several counties are still carried about in the pockets and valises of various men. They may be Republicans, and perhaps they are Democrats; but whichever party is dishonored by their allegiance should at once hand them over to the opposition for a short rope and a long fall.

Furniture Rooms.

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JOHN BRACHBILL,

Manufacturer and dealer in

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HAS COMPLETED HIS ELEGANT

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And has now on hand the best assortment of

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EVER OFFERED IN THIS CITY.

A very fine selection of WALL PAPER, will be found at low prices. v6n10

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If you want to be Strong, Healthy and vigorous take E. F Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change produced by taking E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron in the diseased, debilitated, and shattered nervous system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, the relaxed and unstrung organization is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only in $1 bottles. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Nervous Debility. Nervous Debility.

Debility, a depressed, irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequences of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvinates the entire system. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Take only E. F. Kunkel's, it has a yellow wrapper around it, his photograph on the outside. Sold by your druggist. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular or advice free. Try my great remedy. Get it of your druggist, six bottles for $5.00. It cannot fail. It is guaranteed to do as is recommended.

Worms! Worms! Worms!

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove all kinds of worms. Seat, Pin, and Stomach worms are readily removed by Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful Physician in the country for the removal of Tape worms. He removes them in 2 to 3 hours, with head and all complete, alive, and no fee until head is passed. Common sense teaches if Tape worm can be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1.00 per bottle. It never fails. If he has it not, have him get it, or send to Proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Advice at office free, or by mail.) 46-1m

Bakeries.

NEW BAKERY.

Having purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the

KEYSTONE BAKERY,

opposite the depot, Bellefonte, Pa., I am now prepared to furnish families with the best of

BREAD, BREAD, BREAD,
CAKES, CAKES, CAKES,
PIES, PIES, PIES, PIES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC,
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.

all guaranteed to be fresh and pure. I have employed Mr. John Dawson, who is acknowledged to be the best baker in town, to take charge of the bakery, and at all times I will strive to give entire satisfaction to my customers. v8-26-1y A. H. COX.

BREAD EATERS, ATTENTION.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

AT THE

Bishop St. Bakery,

is now making the VERY BEST

Bread, Cakes and Pies,

in Bellefonte. Mr. Kauth makes the very best BRETZELS in the county, and is able to supply all demands for that article.

Candies & Confections

of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Jellies and everything good.

ICE CREAM!

An excellent ice cream saloon also attached to the bakery. Call and see me.
8-32-1y ALBERT KAUTH.

Miscellaneous Cards.

D. R. B. NEVIN,
(Late United States Pension Agent),
Attorney-at-Law,
and Solicitor of Claims,
725 Sansom street, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and Prize Money secured and collected. v8-n19-6m

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(SOUTH SIDE)

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v8-31-1y

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JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.

BANKERS,

LEMONT CENTRE CO., PA.

v6n1-1y

BROCKERHOFF, Pres't.. J. D. SHUGERT, Cash'r

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receive Deposits and allow Interest, Discount notes, Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. v6n1-1y.

E. C. HUMES, Pres't.....J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6n1-1y.

Professional Cards.

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office in his new building, north side and opposite the Court House. 8-1-tf

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney-at-Law, office on High Street, second door from First National Bank. 8-42-tf

W. A. MORRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa. v6n1-1y

BLANCHARD.....E. M. BLANCHARD.

E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6-1-1y.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of Brockerhoff House, next door to Centre County Banking Co, 5-17-1y

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reynolds & Co's Bank. v6n1-1y.

JOHN H. ORVIS. C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWERS.

ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office north-east corner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank 7-1-1y

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorney's at law. Office on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

JOHN I. IRWIN, Attorney-at-law. Office North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections carefully attended to, and remittances promptly made.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. oct27'70-tf.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa Office on High St. ja4'71-tf.

Physicians and Dentists.

EDWIN S. DORWORTH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, on south side of Diamond, two doors above Garman's hotel. Calls promptly attended day or night. 6-14-tf

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanently located in Bellefonte, and may be found at all times at his office (and residence) in the "Turner Building," on Allegheny st., first door North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store. 7-13-tf

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DR. J. B. LAIRD, OF MILESBURG, A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having had an experience of over twenty years in civil and military practice, offers his professional services to the public.

Female Complaints and Chronic Diseases made a speciality. v8n1-1y

GEO. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is now permanently located in Bellefonte, in the McClain Block, on the second floor, opposite the Bush House. Having practiced 11 years, is prepared now to do work in the latest improved style. v8-23-1y

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A local expressing promptly attende to reasonable rates.

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BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.

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M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Fertumery Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

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FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

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Students received at any time.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING,

Opposite Depot,

Has just received a large invoice of

GENTLEMENS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles,

FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT

LOW CASH PRICES

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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 6ioff

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If you want job printing of any description in as good style as at any other Job Printing Establishment in the country, and at very moderate prices, leave your orders at the REPUBLICAN office, where they will be attended to. Job printing of every description done neatly, cheaply and quickly.

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To meet a general demand for a first-class family magazine, at a price within the reach of all classes of readers,

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Of History, Literature, Science and Art,

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Special Offers to Clubs.—5 Copies will be sent postage paid for one year on receipt of $13 00; 10 copies one year on receipt of $25 00; 20 copies one year on receipt of $50 00, and a copy of Potter's Bible Encyclopedia, Richly Illustrated, one Volume, Quarto Edition, bound in French Morocco, Full Gilt, price $7; the best work of the kind in the English language, will be presented to the person sending his club. 35 copies one year on receipt of $87 50, and a copy of Potter's Bible Encyclopedia, two Volumes, Quarto Edition, Elegantly Bound in Turkey Morocco, price $40. One of the most superb works ever published in this country—given to the person sending this club.

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Potter's American Monthly is for sale by all News Dealers at 25 cents a copy; or $3 00 a year in advance, postage pre-paid by the publishers. Specimen copy mailed, post-paid, to any address in the United States on receipt of 25 cents.

All new Subscribers whose remittances reach us before January 1, 1876, will receive the November and December numbers of this year free. Remittances should be made by check, postal money order, or registered letter,

Address

JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers
42 PHILADELPHIA.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit, but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Boot and Shoe-maker.

Repairing done on short notice. Also, Agent for the celebrated Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machines. Machines of all kinds repaired or exchanged.

Humes' Block, next door to post office. v5n49-1y

H. M. Herrington,

--RE-OPENED.--

A New Thing in an Old Place.

The Bellefonte public and the people of the county generally will be pleased to know that the old and well established

DRUG STORE,

late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks & Brother's hardware emporium, is re-opened for business, re-stocked and fitted out with the very best

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Perfumeries, Dye-Stuffs, Notions and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug store.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours of the Day or night, and particular and prompt attention given to the wants of farmers and others who live in the country. Store never closed to those who want medicines or anything in the drug line. The undersigned hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive patronage.

H. M. HERRINGTON, Agent.

Dry Goods.

HARPER BROTHERS

SPRING STREET,

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DEALERS IN

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—AND—

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FLOUR & GRAIN,

Have just received a Large and Well-selected Stock of

Dry Goods

AND

GROCERIES

which they are selling at

PANIC PRICES

Always glad to show their goods whether you buy or not.

CALL AND SEE

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Coal, Lime, &c.

WM. SHORTLIDGE BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

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WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

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RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE—BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

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v5n34-1y

Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAVING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks') we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

OF

Wilkesbarre and Shamokin Coal

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

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(opposite the depot)
J. R. & C. T. ALEXANDER.

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimate showing cost of advertising. 4ioff

Drugs and Medicines.

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DRUG STORE,

egheny street, next door to Hicks & Brother's re-stocked and fitted out with the very best

MEDICINES,

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in a first-class Drug store.

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given to the wants of farmers and others who who want medicines or anything in the drug on to business, to merit and receive patronage.

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LAUTH, THOMAS & CO.,

Near Howard, Centre county, Pa., have just opened in their New Store Room an entire

NEW STOCK OF GOODS

consisting in part of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
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ETC., ETC.

Will be sold at Bottom Prices for cash, or in exchange for produce. v8-22-tf

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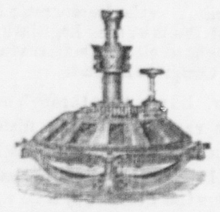

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Manufacturers, Importers & Dealers in

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We are headquarters for everything in the way of

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Each style being the best of its class in the market.

Catalogues of Lanters and Slides, with directions for using, sent on application.

Any enterprising man can make money with a Magic Lantern.

Cut out this advertisement for reference. no23

OBSTACLES TO MARRIAGE. HAPPY RELIEF to Young Men from the effects of Errors and Abuses in early life. Manhood restored. Impediments to Marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and Circulars sent free in sealed envelopes. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, 419 N. Ninth St. Philadelphia, Pa. An institution having a high reputation for honorable conduct and professional skill. v8-22-1y

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Political.

How the Colored Man Voted in South Carolina.

Notwithstanding the provision that no man shall be deprived of any political privilege enjoyed by any other man on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," by some tacit understanding on the part of the managers of elections, two polling places were established in the village of Edgefield, one at the Court house, called No. 1, for the whites; another at Macedonia church, on the edge of the village, professedly for the colored.

All the previous night the Court House was in possession of a mob of white men, dancing and yelling everywhere. From daylight until 10 o'clock the black man's polling place, so called, was surrounded by at least three hundred mounted men, some on horses, some on mules, some with Confederate uniforms trimmed with yellow, all with red shirts, and obeying the commands of "Gen." Gary, who, with pistol in hand, yelled his orders to open or close ranks, advance or retreat, as he would have done had he been leading a rebel regiment against the men of the North in 1861. In addition to the mounted men there was a large number dismounted, out all armed, having the same purpose and obeying the same orders as the mounted force.

At 9.35 o'clock United States Deputy Marshal Beaty obtained a company of United States infantry, under command of Captain Kellogg, who detailed a squad of four and afterward eight men, under Lieutenant Hoyt, to open the way to the poll. This squad pierced the ranks of the "red shirts," who had packed their horses so closely together that the only approach of the window, back of which was the ballot-box, was under the bellies of their beasts. An alley, however, was made by the gallant officer at the imminent risk of his life and the lives of his men. Over the heads of the little band innumerable pistols were held. Not a man of that drunken, foul-mouthed crew but had his pistol in hand with his finger on the trigger. Thus eight brave men, representing the United States, opened and kept open a narrow pathway along which the poor but undaunted negro had the privilege of running the gauntlet.

Every black or brown man that essayed to reach the box through this threatening and furious crowd was greeted with opprobrious epithets, such as only South Carolinians can utter, and which they intensified by interjecting every variety of rebel yell. If one unguarded word had fallen from the lips of a colored man, a scene of carnage would have followed frightful to think of. Before the soldiers came on the ground, several colored men had been beaten with bludgeons and the butts of pistols. Their forbearance, however, was beyond all praise. On reaching the box, the fortunate voter found a white man named Shepard standing guard over it, who, with his sinister eyes endeavored to look the poor negro into such a state of terror that he began to ask himself whether the poor privilege of acting for a few short moments the part of an American citizen was worth the risk he ran. The gauntlet being safely run, the colored voter was then "put through" a long, frivolous catechism—so minute, that at the close of the polls, several hundred of the colored Republicans had failed even to come in sight of the ballot-box. This was the "Mississippi plan," carried to a degree of perfection not excelled even by Vicksburg itself.

In the afternoon, the whites having done all the voting and repeating at poll No. 1, which was regarded as necessary to accomplish their ends, it was suggested that the crowd of anxious colored men at No. 2 should go there to vote. Some essayed so to do, but every avenue was so carefully guarded that unless they had crept between the legs of the horses, they would have found no way of approach. In other portions of the district similar and even worse scenes were enacted. At Coopersville the managers were assaulted and run off by 12 o'clock. At another polling place both the manager and the United States Supervisor were put to flight a quarter of an hour before the time for opening the polls. At another the Democratic manager got exclusive possession of the box, and retained it long enough to bring about the curious result of giving a large Democratic majority at a poll where ten colored Republicans have voted to one white Democrat. By these and similar nefarious ways the Democrats made a majority of over 3,000 in a district where there are not that number of legal voters all told. It is significant of one of the methods employed, that in the state of Georgia, which this district abuts, there were 30,000 less votes cast at this election than at the last. They were sent into South Carolina and Florida.

—Nasby is bowed down with despair. He writes to the "Toledo Blade" that the hearts of the citizens of the Corners are nearly broken, adding: "The iron hez entered all our soles. A nigger will be continnered in the post-offis, and I, wich am entitled to the place, will hev to live in a desultory manner all the remainder uv my life. I shel never be postmaster. Four more yeers out uv place will kill me. Before another eleckshen ther will be an unmarked grave at the Corners, and ef, perchance, there shel be a pine slab set up onto it, the inscription will be: "Died uv a broken heart and unwarmed bowels'." War was proposed with this result: "The war sperit lited up the face uv every man in the room with a demoniac glare. I never saw such yoonanimity nor sich a self-sacrificing sperit. 'War! war! agin the yoosurper!' wuz the cry uv every wun uv em, and ez if by one impulse they marched out uv Bascom's to the meetin-house and organized a meetin. 'No compromise! No yeeldin!' shouted the entire meetin; 'we will die rite here, or anywhere, in defense of our rites.' 'Gentlemen,' sed I, in my capassity uv perpetyooal cheerman, 'is it ycor purpus to march to wunst onto Washinton, and lay down yer lives ther, or will yoo devastate the ablishn parts uv Injeany and Ohio, till sich time ez the Dimocrisy uv the other states shel jine us?' 'To Washinton,' shouted Issaker; 'the Treasury is there!' 'Injeany and Ohio!' shouted McPelter; 'them States is rich in hosses and sich!' 'And in the suthern part uv em ther is distilleries!' sed Deekin Pogram, quietly but determinedly. Jist at this critkle moment Joe Bigler appeared at the door, and whispered to Square McGrath that hostilities mite commence to wunst, and a glorious beginnin mite be hed, for a Yoonited States Marshal, wich wuz in the visinnity looking after some crookid whisky, hed heerd uv the proseedins, and wuz on his way ther to arrest the entire bilen for treasonable proseedins, and in a minnit the intelligence wuz all over the house. The Avengers put ther revolvers in their pokkits, and a distressin stillnis pervaded the meetin. Silence wuz broken by Issaker Gavitt. 'Parson,' sed he, 'woodent it be well enuff to destroy that roll?' I did it promptly. My presence uv mind don't often forsake me."

PUBLIC REPORT

—OF A—

POLICEMAN.

I have not enjoyed good health for several years past, yet have not allowed it to interfere with my labor. Every one belonging to the laboring class knows the inconvenience of being obliged to labor when the body, from debility, almost refuses to perform its daily task. I never was a believer in dosing with medicines; but having heard the Vegetine spoken of so highly, was determined to try it, and shall never regret that determination. As a tonic which every one needs at some time; it surpasses any thing I ever heard of. It invigorates the whole system; it is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. There are many of my acquaintances who have taken it, and all unite in praise of its satisfactory effect.

Especially among the aged class of people, it imparts to them the one thing most needful in old age—nights of calm, sweet repose, thereby strengthening the mind as well as the body. One aged lady, who has been suffering through life from scrotula, and has become blind from its effects, having tried many remedies with no favorable result, was induced by friends to try the Vegetine. After taking a few bottles she obtained such great relief that she expressed a wish for her sight, that she might be able to look upon the man who had sent her such a blessing.

Yours respectfully,
O. P. H. HODGE, Police officer, Station 6,
Boston, Mass., May 9, 1871.

HEARTFELT PRAYER.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22, 1864.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I should be wanting in gratitude if I failed to acknowledge what the Vegetine has done for me. I was attacked about eleven months since with Bronchitis, which settled into Consumption. I had night sweats and fever chills; was distressed for breath, and frequently spit blood; was all emaciated, very weak and so low that my friends thought my case hopeless.

I was advised to make a trial of the Vegetine, which, under the providence of God has cured me. That he may bless the use of your medicine to others as he has to me, and that his divine grace may attend you, is the heartfelt prayer of your admiring, humble servant.

BENJAMIN PEITINGILL.

P. S.—Mine is but one among the many cures your medicine has effected in this place.

B. P.

MAKE IT PUBLIC.

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1871.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.

Dear Sir—I have heard from very many sources of the great success of Vegetine in cases of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Catarrh, and other diseases of kindred nature. I make no hesitation in saying that I *know* Vegetine to be the most reliable remedy for Catarrh and General Debility.

My wife has been troubled with Catarrh for many years, and at times very badly. She has thoroughly tried every supposed remedy that we could hear of, and with all this she has for several years been gradually growing worse, and the discharge from the head was excessive and very offensive.

She was in this condition when she commenced to take Vegetine; I could see that she was improving on the second bottle. She continued taking the Vegetine until she had used from twelve to fifteen bottles. I am now happy in informing you and the public (if you choose to make it public) that she is entirely cured, and Vegetine accomplished the cure after nothing else would. Hence I feel justified in saying that Vegetine is the most reliable remedy, and would advise all suffering humanity to try it, for I believe it to be a good, honest, vegetable medicine, and shall not hesitate to recommend it. I am, &c., respectfully,

L. C. CARDELL,
Store 451 Broadway.

Vegetine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cleanses and cures ulceration, cures constipation, and regulates the bowels.

Has Entirely Cured Me.

BOSTON, October, 1870.

Mr. Stevens:

Dear Sir—My daughter, after having a severe attack of whooping cough was left in a feeble state of health. Being advised by a friend she tried the Vegetine, and after using a few bottles was fully restored to health.

I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the Vegetine for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended the Vegetine to others, with the same good results. It is a great cleanser, and purifier of the blood, it is pleasant to take, and I can cheerfully recommend it.

JAMES MORSE, 364 Athens street.

45-1m

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Bellefonte Car Works.

CHANGED HANDS.

McCLELLAN & SPEER,

(Successors to Bellefonte Car Manufact'ng. Co.)

having leased the work of the company are prepared to furnish

Sash,
Doors,
Sidings;
Flooring,
Mouldings,
Scroll Work,
Stains,
Building Material,

Cottage Bedsteads, and all kinds of frame work. The

MACHINE SHOPS

are the most complete of any in the State, and they will make a specialty of furnishing repairs for Threshing Machines, Reapers, Engines, &c., and having in operation the most approved Forging Hammers, Bolt Headers, Cutters and Net Taps, they can supply

Heavy Forgings,

Bolts, Nets, &c., at reduced prices. The

FOUNDRY DEPARTMENT

will be kept fully stocked with wagon spindles, and stove grates. New castings of all kinds.

McCLELLAN & SPEER,
8-13-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

Parlor Organ.

Alleger, Bowlby & Co's STAR PARLOR ORGAN

Surpasses in Tone and Power any Reed Organ heretofore manufactured in this country. It has been tested by many competent judges and

Gives Universal Satisfaction.

By a skillful use of the stops, and of the patent knee swell, the music is adapted to the human voice, ranging from the softest flute-like note to a volume of sound

Unsurpassed by any Instrument.

The proprietors have noted carefully for many years the imperfections and needs of the reed instruments, and direct their practical experience to the correction of such imperfections, and their experiments have resulted in the production of a quality of tone which assimilates so closely to the

PIPE ORGAN QUALITY

That it is difficult to distinguish between the two. This instrument has all

The Latest Improvements

And every organ is fully warranted. Large Oil Polish, Black Walnut Paneled Cases that

WILL NOT CRACK OR WARP.

And forms in addition to a splendid instrument of music,

A Beautiful Piece of Furniture

This organ needs only to be seen to be appreciated, and is sold at extremely

LOW PRICES

For cash. Second-hand instruments taken in exchange.

Agents Wanted

(Male or female) in every county in the United States and Canada. A liberal discount made to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc., where there is no agent for the Star Organ. Illustrated catalogue and price list free. Correspondence solicited. Address the manufacturers,

ALLEGER, BOWLBY & CO.

WASHINGTON, N. J.

H. W. Alleger, C. P. Bowcby. T. B. McMurtrie, Edward Plotts.

—OR—

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AGENT

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Guide Book to Philadelphia

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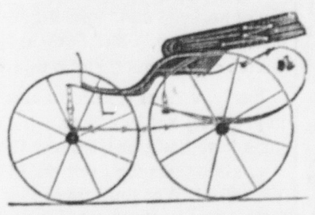

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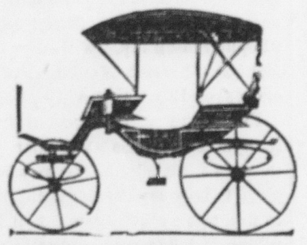

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PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD—PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. DIVISION,

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1876 the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE EXPRESS leaves New York		9 25 a. m
" "	Philadelphia	12. 55 p. m
" "	Baltimore	1. 20 p. m
" "	Harrisb'g	5.00 p. m
" "	arr. at Williamsp't,	8.55 p. m
" "	Lock Haven	10.30 p. m
" " "	Erie	10.05 a. m
ERIE MAIL leaves New York		8.25 p. m
" "	Philadelphia	11.55 p. m
" "	Baltimore	2.10 p. m
" "	Harrisburg	4.25 a. m
" "	Williamsport	8.35 a. m
" "	Lock Haven	9.40a. m
" "	Renovo	10.55 a. m
" "	arr. at Erie	7.50 p. m
NIAGARA EX. leaves Philada		7.20 a. m
" "	" Baltimore	7.30 a. m
" "	" Harrisb'g	10.45 a. m
" "	arr. at Williamsp't,	1.50 p. m
" "	" Lock Haven	3.15 p. m
" "	" Renovo	4.15 p. m
" "	" Kane	8.45 p. m
" "	" Buffolo	
LOCK HAVEN ACCOM. leaves Phila		8.00 a. m
" "	" Baltimore	8.30 a. m
" "	" Harrisburg	1.25 p. m
" "	arr. at Williamsport	6.10 p. m
" "	" Lock Haven	7.30 p. m
SUNDAY EX. leaves New York		8.25 p. m
" "	" Philadelphia	11.55 p. m
" "	" Baltimore	9.10 p m
" "	" Harrisburg	4.10 a. m
" "	arr. at Harrisb'g	7.40 a. m

EASTWARD.

PHILA. EXPRESS leaves Erie		7.00 p. m
" "	" Lock Haven	6.30 a. m
" "	" Williamsp't	7.55 a. m
" "	arr. at Harrisb'g	11.40 a. m
" "	" Baltimore	6.25 p m
" "	" Philadelphia	3.30 p. m
" "	" New York	7.45 p. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves Kane		6.00 a m
" "	" Renovo	10.10 a. m
" "	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
" "	" Williamsport	12.40 p m
" "	arr at Harrisburg	4.10 p m
" "	" Philadelphia	7.20 p m
" "	" New York	10.15 p. m
" "	" Baltimore	6.35 p. m
" "	" Washington	9.02 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie		11. 20 a. m
" "	" Renovo	8.55 p. m
" "	" Lock Haven	10.05 p. m
" "	" Williamsp't	11.15 p. m
" arr. at Harrisburg		2.45 a. m
" "	" Baltimore	7.35 a. m
" "	" Phila	7.00 a. m
" "	" New York	10.10 a. m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12.35 a m
" " arr at Harrisburg		3.55 a m
" " "	Baltimore	7.35 a m
" " "	Philadelphia	7.35 a m
" " "	New York	10.25 a m
SUNDAY EX. leaves Williamsport		8.15 a m
" " arr. at Harrisburgh		11.40 a m
" " "	Philadelphia	3.30 p. m
" " "	New York	6.45 p. m
" " "	Baltimore	7.35 p. m

Erie Mail west, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accom. west and Day Express east make close connection at Northumbriand with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

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THE result of the election is not decided and business suffers in consequence. Oh when will the long agony be over.

THE Russian Government has just issued a ukase ordering that, after January 1st, customs duties shall be paid in gold or "in coupons negotiable abroad." This is evidently intended to strengthen the credit of Russian bonds in the Continental markets and thereby prepare the way for the new borrowing, and is thus another sign of war.

THE Presidential question is likely to affect the United States Senate, this winter, in its selection of a presiding officer. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Ferry would remain, but if there are signs of trouble a movement will be made for a new election. Fortunately there are a number of Senators of large moral courage, strong nerves and high character, who are thoroughly capable of filling the place.

COMMENTING on the Democratic denunciation of the recent presence of a file of United States troops in the corridor leading to the court room of the South Carolina Supreme Court, through which the judges had to pass, the Boston *Advertiser* recalls the fact that, a quarter of a century before, the court house in Boston was, by Federal authority, surrounded with heavy chains. Wilson, in his history of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America, says: The judges of the Supreme Court, on the way to their seats of justice, were compelled to bow as they passed under these heavy chains." This was in the good old Democratic days.

Political Ill Feeling.

Considerable ill feeling has been created between individuals of the different political parties of this place, by ill considered and hasty remarks and actions, which in some cases have been greatly exaggerated and mountains made of mole hills, until we find those who have hitherto been excellent friends, treating each other coldly, or else engaging in wrangling and disputes. This should not be. It is right for every man to have his own political views, and to express these views at the ballot-box, but when men attempt to condemn others because they differ from them in their judgment of the political needs of the country, they are encroaching on dangerous ground, and taking a course that will fill the community with strife and discord. Let each, therefore, accord to every other the right he claims for himself of forming and holding his own political opinions, and let us all remember that whether Republicans or Democrats, we are American citizens, and that the interests of the country are above those of any party.

The Democratic *Watchman*, of this place, has done all and is doing all that it can to inflame the minds of the people, and to call into action the worst passions of men. We hope that the people will not heed its teachings, but that they will be guided by reason and common sense, remembering that the Republic and its perpetuation is of more consequence than the success of this or that man, or this or that party. Such times as these call for the display of true patriotism, and he who talks of war is a traitor.

Our New York Letter.

"What we did about it"—Mr. Tweed's "Home, Sweet Home"—All about Amusements—Booth, Bangs, Baba and Boucicault—Lectures Sacred and Profane—Philadelphia's Departed Glory.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28, 1876.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—About twelve months ago the readers of morning papers in the city of New York were startled at the black inquiry staring at them from out their columns "Where's Tweed?" About noon on Thursday last the same sensational type was called into requisition to announce to our bereaved town the return of the prodigal. If the end of the Boss tourist's journey did not excite the interest which its being aroused, it is not by any means on account of its lesser importance, but simply because our lesser excitability has been worn callous and threadbare by the election return inflictions of the past few weeks. Everything connected with his arrival and transfer from United States to municipal custody was effected in the most orderly and quiet manner possible. The prisoner's appearance has not been improved by his wanderings and the hardships which he is reported to have suffered while working barefooted and bareheaded as a deck hand on the vessel which conveyed him from Cuba. He is thinner and paler, and has aged very much in this one year. He still wears the proverbial diamond studs, but otherwise his appearance is decidedly seedy, as unlike that of the pampered despot of Tammany as could well be. His only recorded remark on entering the jail was "Well, I thought I should have to come back here." The millions that Tweed stole, even if he could keep them, would be a meagre compensation for the subsequent prosecution of his relentless fate.

How much of a moral can be drawn from the circumstances I am not prepared to state; but the fact remains that just as the ex-ruler of the city comes back to it in chains, his successor in power receives the softer bonds of wedlock from the hands of Cardinal McCloskey. The natural inference is that Mr. John Kelly, being more happy than Mr. Tweed must have been more virtuous, and I rather think that is the fact. At all events, little has ever been said against his personal honesty.

Miscellaneous current news worthy of chronicling is extremely scarce. The little fun we got out of watching for the "Franklin" is no longer available, and there is hardly anything to help us kill time while waiting for the decision of election bets—of which John Morrissey holds over a million dollars that he has coolly loaned at four per cent. just to keep it from rusting in his pockets till wanted—except the theatres, the great Martinez breach-of-promise suit, which is dragging its slow and somewhat unsavory lengths through the courts, and the near prospect of Thanksgiving. Of the latter, more anon.

The week has been a rare one in the amusement world. First and foremost is the continuation of Madame Essipoff's magnificent series of concerts, the *furore* over which has grown steadily from her first appearance. Her success, assured from her opening prformance, is now achieved, and her rank settled as in almost every respect the greatest pianist who has ever visited this country. She has fairly carried New York by storm; crowded houses, floral offerings and rapturous applause testify to the completeness of her triumphs. Her season here is about half completed, and at its close she will depart on a tour of delight to the music lovers of other American cities.

Next in interest comes the return to New York of Edwin Booth, who, under the management of his father-in-law, Mr. McVicker, has opened at the Lyceum Theatre for a ten weeks session, beginning with "Hamlet," in which he was enthusiastically welcomed. At the Fifth Avenue, also, Shakespeare reigns, the comedy-farce of "Life" having been removed in the beigth of its success to make way for a gorgeous revival of "As You Like It," with Miss Fanny Davenport as "Rosalind," and our recent English acquisition, Mr. Coghlan, as "Orlando." This performance, beside being very strong dramatically, is worthy the era of accessory magnificence through which the city is passing; so that Miss Davenport's liberal attractions of mind and person are presented in a setting worthy of their splendor.

Then there is the *rentree* of Clara Morris, who, as "Miss Multon," has pushed those abused young ladies known as "The Two Orphans" off the boards of the Union Square Theatre to make room for her coming. The piece has been chosen with great skill for the reappearance of this favorite actress. The enormous draft which it makes upon the feelings of an audience intensifies the sympathy felt beforehand for the sufferings of this magnetic little woman of whom cruel physical malady has so long deprived the stage. It is unnecessary to say that she has made of it a great success. And, as though these star attractions were not enough to distract our amusement-goers, we have as many more.

At Wallack's, that magic play writer and actor, Boucicault, is keeping packed houses in a roar of laughter and applause as "Conn" in the "Shaughraun," a piece which seems to lose no freshness by any number of repetitions, but goes on coining money for its lucky author, who is reported to have cleared a quarter of a million dollars from it already.

The old Globe Theatre is fresh from the hands of the renovators, and has been re-baptized as the "Wonder Theatre" by the well-known magician and musician, Robert Heller, who has leased it for a long period, and who is giving nightly *seances* of music and prestidigitation. It is now thirteen years since he last appeared in New York, the intervening period having been spent before European audiences.

"Sardanapalus," at Booth's, is on its last legs—and there are a good many of them—not by any means, however, because there is a flagging of popular interest in the spectacle, which would doubtless draw for a year to come, but because of a positive engagement to produce it in Boston which necessitates its withdrawal. A new ballet has recently been introduced into the piece, and its attractions otherwise enchanced.

The other great spectacle, "Baba," holds on its way at Niblo's, having been reinforced by some new star dancers, and has made itself at home for the winter.

Mr. Coup's Aquarium, about which I intend to write you more fully one of these days, is now growing in public favor and in the extent of its connection. The latest important arrival from the green depths of ocean is an unnatural monster of some fifty pounds weight, who actually grows a fish pole out of the top of his head and "goes fishing" for his lesser brothers. Mr. Coup exhibits this wretch as a warning and a reprobation.

Lastly, various lecture courses are also in progress, and one or two isolated lectures have had place among the week's attractions, ranging from an address by Victoria C. Woodhull up to the eloquent lecture, before the Sunday-School Teachers Association, of Dr. Chas. F. Deems, the well-known pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and Commodore Vanderbilt's spiritual adviser.

Of this eminent man, who has long been one of the favorite preachers of the city, I learn that he is about to enlarge his fields of usefulness by assuming editorial duties for Mr. Frank Leslie, whose nearly attained object seems to be to become the acknowledged literary purveyor of every age and class of American readers, has announced that he will shortly add to his long list of standard periodicals a new religious monthly, to be called the *Sunday Magazine*, and to be conducted by the reverend Doctor. It will be a very strong magazine, and apart from the fact that Dr. Deems is one of the ablest writers and most popular clergymen of the metropolis, is almost forordained to success. Frank Leslie has never been in the habit of making mistakes in regard to the chances of a publication, and is not at all likely to begin at this late date.

The *Sunday Magazine* will be Mr. Leslie's second large enterprise of the year, and should it attain the sudden and wide success of its immediate predecessor, the now firmly established "Popular Monthly," will only reap the legitimate harvest of such talent and liberal expenditure as it will embody.

From the mere force of habit my thought still turns at regular intervals towards Philadelphia, from whence the glory is now rapidly departing, but I fail to find there much to tell that is worth telling. A fifty-cent piece still exercises its magic sway over those uncomfortable turnstiles, as is proved by the daily attendance of seven or eight hundred people, but the scene is now as melancholly as it was vivacious two weeks ago. The grand enclosure is giving up its treasures as fast as the despondiug carts and cars can move them, but it will take weeks to complete the work.

RADIX.

Casting the Electoral Vote.

An Examination of the Laws of the Several States—The Vote of Nebraska.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—In consequence of the close vote on the Presidency the laws of the several states have been carefully examined in order to make sure that the Electoral vote to be cast by the several states at the respective capitals on the 6th instant shall be cast in strict conformity with all the laws bearing upon the matter.

It has been ascertained that the laws of Nebraska require that the Electoral vote of that state shall be opened and declared in presence of the two houses of the Legislature. As the Legislature will not meet in regular session until January 4, one month after the time fixed by the statutes of the United States for formally casting the Electoral vote, it was deemed prudent to direct the attention of Governor Garber, of Nebraska, to the matter, and urge him to call the Legislature together in special session, that all the legal forms in reference to the Electoral vote of Nebraska may be formally complied with.

Gov. Garber to-day replied by telegraph to the communication sent him, stating that he had issued to-day his proclamation convening the Legislature in special session on Monday next, to canvass and declare the Electoral vote of the state. This timely action will preclude technical objection to the vote of Nebraska when the final count shall be made in Congress in February next.

Our Washington Letter.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—"The Political Cauldron; or The Presidential Puzzle" is a work which everybody seems to be reading, but which, strange to say, no one seems to have read—through. It is as devoid of meaning as the title of that celebrated one, "Five Minutes in China—four quarto volumes." The last week has been one of trial and tribulation, especially to those unfortunates who have been sitting on the "fence." A sitting position of that kind is somewhat wearying to one's nerves, and enough to make a man eschew politics, join the church, and live happy ever after.

The time seems to have come when a more definite method of counting the electoral vote for President and Vice President should be adopted. It is not unlikely that the contest may turn on the vote of a single state, in which event, as fraud will be charged by one party or the other, everything will depend on the question whether the vote of that state shall be retained or thrown out. The method of counting the electoral vote, and the proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives in reference thereto, have heretofore been prescribed by Rule 22 of the Joint Rules of the two Houses. No Joint Rules having been adopted by the first session of the present Congress, the method and proceedings in counting the electoral vote in February next remain to be determined by the concurrent action and agreement of the two Houses at the next session. The 22d Joint Rule provided that if the two Houses disagreed on counting the vote of any state it should be thrown out. Under this rule the process might be kept up until no candidate had a majority of all the electoral votes, in which case the election would go into the House of Representatives. It has been intimated that the House will now contend, should Hayes be elected, that the Joint Rules are still in force. This is clearly a mistake, for joint rules cannot be joint rules unless agreed to by both Houses. This view is sustained by the ex-journal clerk of the House, John M. Barclay, the author of "Barclay's Digest," whose opinion on all such subjects is regarded as infallible by parliamentarians on both sides. None of the Joint Rules being in force, it therefore follows that either a new rule for counting the vote must be adopted, or the Constitution alone must be the guide. In the latter event, the question will arise, shall the plain letter of the Constitution be followed, or will precedent govern? The New York "Tribune" thinks that certain precedents fixed by usage may go far toward preventing awkward and even dangerous complications. The records show that the President of the Senate has never attempted to act as a judicial officer in determining the validity of a state vote; that while such questions have invariably been referred to the two Houses of Congress, neither House has ever asserted its right to throw out a state or choose between two sets of returns, except under the 22d Joint Rule, which Congress has expressly omitted to re-adopt; that all disputes of this nature have been decided by the two Houses acting concurrently, though they derived no authority to do so either from the Constitution or the laws. But the President of the Senate may entertain the view that he alone, under the Constitution, is vested with the sole power of opening and counting the votes, pointing to that clause of the Constitution which says that after the votes are opened "they shall then be counted." The Constitution probably never contemplated the exigency of an objection to counting the votes of any state, and simply says, "the votes shall then be counted." It does not apparently mean that he alone shall count them. It is reasonable to suppose, however, in the absence of the 22d Joint Rule, that all questions of this kind arising would be referred to the two Houses for concurrent action, and that, should a majority of both Houses vote against throwing out the vote of any state, it would not be counted by the presiding officer. But this system would be quite as vicious as that provided by the defunct 22d Joint Rule, since objections might be carried so far as to throw the election into the House. In the event of such a rule of action, the counting of the vote will be attended with imminent danger to the country. Let us hope that Congress, during the coming session, and before the counting of the electoral votes, may come to some wise and patriotic agreement whereby the danger of so deplorable and chaotic a condition will be averted.

Whatever else may be said of the election, it has developed a phase of betting here hitherto but little practiced. One prominent cigar dealer on the Avenue, doing a business of $5,000 yearly, risked his whole establishment on Tilden. An equally well-known billiard proprietor staked his all on the same chances. And we hear from Boston of a poor fellow named Jules Vriere, who swore before the election that if Tilden was chosen President he would kill himself. Last Thursday night he was found hanging by the neck dead; and yet he died before he received the news. Wheelbarrow bets have been innumerable, some of which have already been fulfilled, much to the edification of the street arabs. Even the ladies have caught the infection. Husbands and wives have staked a whole year's happiness on the result. It is said (but for this we will not vouch, knowing the Doctor's masculine proclivities too well) that Dr. Mary Walker has signified her intention of abandoning her nondescript costume, and retiring to the folds of feminine drapery, folly, and oblivion in case the "divine Tilden" (her own words—Tilden is a bachelor) is not elected. We fear the papers have turned the festive Doctor's head, as one of them some time ago hinted that she would be a fitting ornament to grace the White House in the event of Tilden's election. It is certain that she has been working hard for Tilden, having been the originator of a woman's Democratic mass meeting, for which freak her watch and other valuables were seized to pay expenses. It is to be regretted that our language does not furnish a pronoun adapted to beings of positive but unknown gender. The neuter gender is hardly satisfactory. Suffering under this paucity of language, the newspapers, in referring to the gay and festive Doctor, get things a trifle mixed—sometimes using "him," oftener "it," and occasionally "her."

In connection with the election, it may be remarked, that a sermon was preached in one of our most prominent churches last Sunday morning which produced a titter throughout the whole congregation. The pastor is noted for mixing politics with theology, and had the audacity to take the following for his text, which words have been going the rounds of the papers as a joke on Tilden: "And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said, 'Here am I, for thou didst call me." And he answered, 'I called not, my son; lie down again." * * So Samuel went and lay down again."

The business difficulty of ex-Governor A. R. Shepherd, the man above all others who has done the most towards beautifying the National Capital, divided the attention of our citizens last week with the election returns. Even those politically opposed to him openly express regret at his financial difficulties, and frankly avow their convictions that he had been a public benefactor. Before his day Washington was a mudhole, composed of dreary miles of dimly outlined streets destitute of houses, and not inaptly termed by Dickens the "City of Magnificent Distances." With a clear vision he saw the needs of his native city, and made haste to supply them. He laid out parks, paved and graded the streets, and built hundreds of small but perfectly convenient houses. Those who knew Washington fifteen years ago, and who have occasion to visit it now, testify as to its metamorphosis. Could the hater of shame, Dickens, once more look at it, he would be inclined to call it the "City of Magnificent Streets." Mr. Shepherd's creditors met last Wednesday evening to hear the statements of his financial embarrassment and his propositions. The amount of indebtedness insecured which was represented amounted to $310,000. Mr. Shepherd made a frank statement of the causes which produced his temporary embarrassment, and asked that he be given five years extension; the first year without interest, and for the remaining time the debts to draw six per cent. interest. This proposition was unanimously accepted, and papers for granting the extension were signed by all the parties present.

It is difficult to realize that the "Centennial" is a dream of the past. It is an admitted fact that the Art Galleries were more constantly thronged than any other department of the great show. Memorial Hall and its annex were always crowded by all sorts of people. Pride jostled penury, grave wisdom consorted with pompous ignorance, and bucolic rudeness pushed genius to the well, all in a frantic effort to get a glimpse of the great masterpieces. The instincts of the most ignorant seem to teach them that in the art of any country is to be found the truest exponent of the degree of culture of its people. In the small but interesting Russian exhibit, with its rather childish conceptions and comparatively crude execution, we read at a glance the story of a people of limited art culture, and to whom art is as yet but little more than a plaything. Everything is being packed up and sent away. It makes one feel sad to witness the disintegrating process; but it is relieved somewhat by the reflection that America has surpassed all the nations of the earth in her gigantic show.

—New York with a population approximating 1,000,000 has 5700 saloons, or one to every 175 of its inhabitants. Chicago, naughty, wicked Chicago, with nearly 500,000 population, has about 2000 saloons, or one to every 250 inhabitants. Boston, with 300,000 inhabitants has only 1200 saloons, or one to every 291 inhabitants. Cincinnati, with about 325,000 population, and its large German beer-drinking element, comes pretty close to Baltimore, with 2100 saloons, or one to every 155 inhabitants, and Philadelphia shows, with a population of about 800,000, 2700 saloons, or one to every 296 of its inhabitants.

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EXECUTORS'

PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Thomas Huston, late of Walker Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased, offer the property known as the JUNCTION at private sale.

This property is situated in Walker Township, at the intersection of the Millheim and Bald Eagle Turnpike road, with the public road leading from Bellefonte to Lock Haven about midway between the two places, containing about 37 acres of land, with a fine large Dwelling House, Store Room, and the necessary out buildings (all in good order and repair) thereon erected. There is also a fine young Orchard of choice fruit in good bearing condition on the premises. This property is suitable for a private residence or as a place of public business and summer resort has no equal in the county.

A tract of land adjoining the Junction tract containing about 10 acres, well located and desirable for a small home, is also offered for sale, together with

Four Fine Farms.

One thereof now occupied by Samuel Showers contains about 267 acres. One occupied by Mortimer McClintoc, contains about 189 acres. One occupied by James Huston, containing about 186 acres, all situated contiguous to the property first above described in Walker township, and the other occupied by Michael Corcman, containing 246 acres, 9 perches, with mansion, near the village of Jacksonville, in Marion twp.

These farms are Limestone Land of the Finest Quality,

are in a Good State of Cultivation, well supplied with timber, water and fruit, with good buildings erected on each. The farms occupied by Showers, McClintoc and Huston abound in iron ore of the finest quality in paying quantities, a vein being now profitably worked by Messrs. Linn & McCoy, of this county, on one of them.

The premises above mentioned will be sold as designated, or in such tracts as may suit the wants of purchasers where the location is such as to warrant a division of the same. Persons desirous of purcasing any of the above described premises will please apply to either of the undersigned, who will take pleasure in showing them the same, when terms and conditions will be made known.

JAMES HUSTON, Nittany, Pa.
JAMES P. COBURN, Aaronsburg,
28-3m Executors.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between John T. Fowler, John Somers, and C. Guyer, trading as John T. Fowler & Co., as manufacturers and dealers in timber, lumber, &c., at Hannah, Centre county, Pa., and at Tyrone, Blair county, Pa., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm are in the hands of John T. Fowler and C. Guyer, for settlement.

The business of the late firm will be continued by John T. Fowler and C. Guyer under the name and style of John T. Fowler & Co.

JOHN T. FOWLER,
JOHN SOMERS,
C. GUYER.

Tyrone, Oct. 27, 1876. 43-3m

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE,

On Lamb Street,

In the Borough of Bellefonte.

Will be sold at private sale, cheap for cash, a house and lot on the east end of Lamb street, now owned and occupied by Thomas Rhoads. The house contains seven rooms, is two stories high, and in good repair. There is also an unfinished house on the back end of the lot that could be put in order and rented for seventy-five dollars; the other would readily rent for two hundred dollars.

There is on the lot also all necessary outbuildings and a large lot of fine fruit trees. In fact, it is one of the cheapest and most desirable properties for sale in this county. Call soon for terms, &c., on Thomas Rhoads. Immediate possession given if desired.

The household furniture will also be sold upon favorable terms. 44-tf

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WE SHALL POSITIVELY DO ALL WE ADVERTISE, AND WE SHALL SELL ALL GOODS OF WHICH PRICES ARE ADVERTISED BY OTHERS AT LEAST AS LOW, AND IN MOST INSTANCES CONSIDERABLE LOWER than the advertised prices without misrepresentation. We shall certainly do all in our power to make it advantageous and agreeable to all our patrons.

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Poetry.

Inconstancy.

Against the curtained pane, beloved,
The snow beats thick and fast,
The wind's sad, sorrowful refrain
Is telling of the past—
And in the old familiar chair,
Beside the hearth-fire's glow,
I sit and sing the tender air
You loved so long ago.

Ah, often since the springs, beloved,
Have bloomed above your rest,
I breathe the sweet old song that sings
Itself within my breast—
As children, in the cheerless days
When winter darkly lowers,
Retrace the garden's sodden ways,
And talk of last year's flowers.

It never seemed to you, beloved,
When we walked hand in hand,
Amid the sunshine and the dew
Of youth's enchanted land,—
It never seemed to you or me
That I could sing or smile
If you were lying silently
Within your grave the while.

We thought we could not live, beloved,
If we were torn apart—
That earth would have no more to give
To either stricken heart;—
Alas, the change that time has wrought!
Your grave has held you long,
And in a home where you are not,
I sing the dear old song!

Do you look back to me, beloved,
From out your happy sphere,
And deem me false, that I can be
Alive, and you not here?
Death does not always bring its balm
To every aching ill—
Life may outlast its dearest charm,
And heart-break does not kill.

It would have been the same, beloved,
Had I been first to die—
Another love had worn your name,
More dear, perchance, than I;
Ah, after all these weary years,
Would you more constant be?
And would you drop these bitter tears,
And sing the song for me?

In the Seed.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

You have chosen coldly to cast away
The love they tell you is faithless found.
Pity or trust it is vain to pray—
Your heart they have hardened, your senses bound,
You have broken the wreaths that clasped you round,
The strength of the vine and the opening flower;
Love, torn and trampled on stony ground,
left to die in its blossom hour.

Well, go your ways; but, wherever they lead,
They cannot leave me wholly behind.
From the flower, as it falls, there falls a seed
Whose roots round the roots of life shall wind,
So sure as the soul in the flesh is shrined,
So sure as the fire in the cloud is set,
Be you ever so cold or ever so blind,
You shall find and fathom and feel me yet.

As the germ of a tree in the close dark earth
Struggles for life in its breathless tomb,
Quickening painfully into birth,
Writhing its way up to light and room;
As it spreads its growth till the great boughs loom
A shade and a greenness wide and high,
And the birds sing under the myriad bloom,
And the top looks into the infinite sky;

So shall it be with the love to-day
Flung under your feet as a worthless thing.
The hour and the spot I can not say
Where the seed, fate-sown, at last shall spring;
Beyond, it may be, the narrow ring
Of our little world in swarming space,
After weary length of journeying,
It shall drop from the wind to its destined place.

But somewhere, I know, it shall reach its height!
Sometime it shall conquer this cruel wrong!
The sun by day, and the moon by night,
Shower and season, shall bear it along,
You will sleep and wake while it waxes strong
And green beside the appointed ways,
Till, full of blossom and dew and song,
You shall find it there after many days.

Perchance it shall be amid despair
Of toiling over the desert sand;
When your eyes are burned by the level glare,
And the staff is fire to your bleeding hand.
Then the waving of boughs in a silent land,
And a wonder of green afar shall spread,
And your feet as under a tent shall stand,
With shadow and sweetness above your head;

And my soul, like the unseen scent of the flower,
Shall circle the heights and the depths of the tree;
O thing of all in that consummate hour
That shall not come as a part of me!
This world or that may my triumph see—
Love and life can never be twain,
And time as a breath of the wind shall be,
When we meet and grow together again!

Indian Summer.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught fair summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes,
The sun from its cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air,
As if angels, whilst heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there.
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
They quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year—
Thou darling whom nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear,
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood ones more.
Thy loveliness thrills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Our Story Teller.

A Camp Meeting Idyl.

"Now, Mis' Wilder, 'bout them chickens?"

"Just let me knit to the middle of my needle, Draxy."

Draxy waited, her busy hands finding something to do in the little pause. The things on the table were straightened, the daguerreotypes (it was the best room) tilted more accurately on their open covers, a minute speck of dust dislodged from the mantle-piece,—all before the gentle "click, click" of the needle ceased, and Mrs. Wilder laid down her stocking.

"The chickens—let me see. It was those six little broils of the speckled hen's I was a-thinking of, and the pepper-and-salt roosters." Mrs. Wilder viewed the chickens from a purely practical stand point.—"That'll be enough, won't it?"

"I don't know,"—doubtfully,—"folks eat a heap at camp-meetin'."

"So they do. Well, then, kill three of the black Polands, and bake a pie. That'll make a plenty."

"I guess so."

Business thus disposed of, Draxy assumed a chair and waxed confidential.

"How many of our folks is a-goin, Mis' Wilder?"

"You and me, and Mr. Wilder and Nathan and Ellen,—that's five; and Lucy's six."

"Lucy!"

"Yes. Mr. Wilder said he guessed she'd better, and Brother Parker plead hard about it. He thinks she is old enough to get religion, and ought to have it; and her pa says there's no harm tryin', only he won't have her flustered. I don't know what to say about it myself, but I guess pa's right." And Mrs. Wilder ended with a little sigh.

"Mr. Parker!" There was a concentrated and conspicuous sniff in Draxy's voice. She said no more, and in another minute got up and left the room, her errand accomplished. There were few waste places in Draxy's life. Satan might have dodged around her for months, without finding one idle chink in which to practice his nefarious arts.

Pretty soon the door opened and Lucy came in,—a girl of seventeen, with the shy beauty of a wild doe in her hazel eyes. The delicate, cameo-like outline of her face was full of an expression of appeal. Not that there was anything to appeal against in her life, the petted only daughter of this honest home. Some women possess that look naturally, and before it, when combined with youth and loveliness, the hearts of men go down like ninepins. Lucy as yet knew not the value of her dower, but such knowledge never lingers long.

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Over to Esther's, mother. They're beginning the camp-meeting cake, and I stayed to help beat the eggs."

"Do tell! I suppose they're making a great fuss, like all the rest of the folks."

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Robbins has killed a turkey and eight pairs of chickens, and had two pieces of beef boiled; and Esther and Hepsey were making gingerbread, and raised cake, and all sorts of pies that you can think of,—mince and apple and custard and Canada-plum,—I cant remember half."

"Land's sakes! And who's going, Lucy?"

"Mrs. Robbins and the squire and the girls, and James and his wife, and Aunt Mirey, and—" here the happy, girlish voice sank a little, just a little; only a close observer would have noticed the inflection—"and Kane."

"Elkanah? I want to know! Well, it's time he got hold of something good. You'll have to help Draxy make our pies to-morrow, dear. The weather's splendid. I guess we're going to have a good week."

This camp-meeting, about which all Ammonoosuc was in a stir, was a yearly affair, planned for and anticipated with eager and invariable pleasure. After the heat of the summer, and the toil of the harvest, when the hay was in, the potatoes stored, the corn and cornshucks safely housed, when the rye and wheat had gone to the mill, and the "boarders" to their city homes,—came, in the beautiful September weather, this holiday, which, half a picnic, half a religious exercise, brought neighbors together, brightened the links of church brotherhood, and old friendships, and gave, to soul and body alike, refreshment. But oh! what a different thing it was to the different people who were looking forward to it!

Mrs. Wilder and other good matrons of her stamp, viewed it as a species of sober jollification, combining much good cheer with some comfortable preaching and praying. A time, too, for the exhibition of notable housekeeping,—of pie-crust and fatted fowls, which, duly partaken of, might impart to the occasion a certain toothsome solemnity.

Brother Parker, of the Pemigewasset Conference, on the contrary, regarded it as a crucible in which souls should be melted and changed,—a four day's opportunity, during which the doors of heaven should stand open for whomsoever knocked thereat. In his thoughts he saw them enter, souls stained and shrunken with sin, souls pure and spotless as Lucy Wilder's—for Brother Parker thought much of Lucy's soul. Had it been contained in a body less fair, it had, perchance, occupied less of his attention; but he was a man, though a good one, and having twice tasted the sweetness of married life, was naturally ready to try it again. Only,—he was firm, a minister's wife must be known to be of one mind with himself. She must belong to his church; and no temptation should induce him to lay such a snare and scandal in the path of his people, as to marry a woman without religion. So Brother Parker looked forward eagerly to the coming week.

Elkanah Robbins was equally eager. A strong, brown, handsome fellow. He had been a wild boy, but of late had grown so steady and so attentive to his farm that folks said, "Kane must be thinking of settling;" only where, or with whom, nobody knew.

"To Lucy and other girls the camp-meeting was invested with a delightful vagueness, in which merry meals, rustling tree-boughs, sleeping under canvass, whispers, laughter, "good times" generally, mingled. In more than one young heart another and more select element of bliss was consciously or unconsciously recognized. In Lucy's it was—Kane.

The brown, fearless boy and the fair girl had grown up together as playmates till that dark day, when, "for his badness," the neighbors said, Kane was sent away to Uncle Elkanah's, at Swift Water, for a year, which year had lengthened into five. It was three now since he came back; tall, bronzed, strange, yet familiar; and during those three years womanhood had crept unaware over the little maid who had shared his baby sports. Playmate no longer, Lucy was very shy; but in her secret heart she was proud of him; proud of the strength that could heave the heavy timber up, which her brother Nathan avoided; of the skill that could tame the wildest of colts. She was sure he would always be good hereafter. The four day's dwelling in a grove with him was a delight so great that it almost frightened her.

So the day came. All Monday the committees were at work arranging the tents, in the form of a hollow square, beneath the shelter of the trees. A bright little stream curved around the two sides of the encampment. In its centre arose a covered platform, to which was affixed a derrick painted pea-green, whose top supported a sharp-toned iron bell. Ranks of rough benches confronted this stand, in the midst of which, and directly under the platform, was a small benched enclosure for the use of the "anxious," who were expected to resort thither at the close of every service to listen to the prayers and appeals of the brethern. Nor was the carnal man forgotton. Besides the eating saloon, open to all, each tent bore a long table, duly spread three times a day with amplest provision. These tents represented each a village, and sheltered by night and by day a whole neighborhood. The name of the place—"Pemigewasse," "Stowe," "Lacon"—was lettered upon the front, accompanied by some floral device or text of Scripture. Upon the Amonoosuc tent was the inappropriate recommendation to "Watch and Pray," around which, by way of antidote, a wreath of flowery hops was garlanded. The space within was gorgeous in its appointments, and boasted, besides a small bookcase of religious reading, a round table with a red cover, which supported a huge nosegay of flowers, and gave the whole a "tasty effect," as Mrs. Wilder exultingly remarked to Mrs. Robbins, equalled by none of the others,—of which effect Ammonoosuc was justly proud. And so the camp-meeting began fairly.

All day Tuesday people were pouring in. Each one-seated wagon brought three and a baby; each two-seated, five and two babies. By night hundreds were assembled. The moon was brilliantly full, and the singing and prayer meeting which inaugurated the assembly so spirited and satisfactory, that Brother Little rubbed his hands and remarked to Brother Smith that he'd been to forty camp-meetings in his time, but in his opinion this was going to be the greatest yet.

"How funny!" whispered Hepsy Robbins, as they watched the bustle inside the tent. "See, Lucy, the beds this side are for us, and that side for the men folks. Don't it look queer?"

"But who sleeps on the table?" laughed Lucy, as a row of rustling matresses was lifted up.

"Don't you know? Why, the elders and deacons, of course. That's to keep people in order, and to stop any skylarking and frolicing among us young ones. Say, Lucy, which bed will you have? Here, take this one next to mine."

"Lucy," called her mother; and she whispered, "here's your place, next to me. I don't want you down there with those girls, for you'll talk and chatter all night, and not be fit for a thing in the morning. Just slip off your frock there behind the curtain, and put on your double gown, and I will fix you."

So, like Christabel, "her gentle limbs she did undress," so far as gown and hoops went; and pretty soon, in her neat, gray wrapper, she was lying comfortably tucked up in the bed her prudent mother had provided with pillow and quilt. Sweet, musty smells filled the air from the hay-covered floor. The straggling moon-rays, the flapping curtain, the chewing and champing of the horses tethered close by—all was odd and novel. She could not sleep.

By-and-by the men came in, spread their quilts and blankets, and subsided into repose. Good Elder Adams occupied the end of the table nearest to Lucy's couch. His righteous slumber soon became audible, and, peeping around to look at him, Lucy saw a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her. A strange thrill came over her brain as she met them. Only the width of the narrow table and the elder's boots separated her from Kane! She blushed uncomfortably, and dropped her eyelids not to open them again; but, for long after, fairy lights and visions seemed to dance before her and trouble her repose.

At dawn the camp awoke. Small chance was there for late sleeping. Thin blue smoke began to curl from early fires. Horses whining for their corn. Impatient hands waiting to pack away the beds, and restore the tent to daytime order. By eight o'clock breakfast was eaten and dishes washed; and white-haired Elder Adams took his place, Bible in hand, at the head of the long table, to lead in prayer. Lucy sat just without the door. The stillness, the beautiful peace of the new-born day, seemed reflected in her face. One golden beach leaf fluttered down, and laid upon her fair braids. Kane wasn't given to poetry, but somehow a line came into his head as he looked:

"Oh, my Love is like the morning!"

He had read it somewhere and he thought it was true—about Lucy.

At ten o'clock the clanging bell announced general service, and the crowd assembled. Truth to tell, it was not a picturesque crowd. The American of the rural districts is rarely a handsome animal. He is lean. He is brown. He loses his teeth early. Hard work and soda soon transforms the loveliness of youth into pallor and sharp outline. Salaratus claims its own. Here and there one sees a sweet young face, or an old one with fine, strong lines deep-cut and inscrutable, like a carving in stone; but personal beauty is the exception. Beauty apart, however, we may be proud of our multitudes. For decorum, for good humor, for general appearance of neatness, for civility to strangers, for a sense of propriety which ranks almost as dignity, it would be hard to find their rank in almost any other country. At this Cadiz camp-meeting even the babies caught the spirit of the occasion, and sucked their thumbs contentedly throughout the service without a cry. Thirteen ministers occupied the platform. With able generalship the lesser lights were brought forward, leaving the greater for the third day, when the excitement was expected to culminate.

Great cheer was held in all the tents at noon, and unlimited quantities of pie eaten, fit preparations for the afternoon services. Pie usually precedes repentance, as pie-eaters know. In the evening, under blaze of the harvest moon, Brother Parker arose for the first time. A tall, thin man, with a sallow, tender face, and emotional nature. His sermon was unusually fervid. A certain thrill moved over the assembly, and at its close a number of persons passed quietly and without excitement into the "anxious seat," as candidates for the prayers of the congregation. Some were parents who carried their children thither; some members of the church, who felt that their faith had suffered a decadence. All were welcomed and rejoiced over by the good brethern, and mention was made of the fact that still there was room for others, further urgency being held in reserve for the next day.

It was then, after two long and searching discources, that Brother Parker had "fixed" to have Lucy succcumb. He came to her among the throng, and pleaded earnestly. He even took her hand, and strove, with gentle force, to draw her to the front. To his surprise, she resisted. The girl had her own reserve of character, her own thoughts as to spiritual things. The small inclosure of rough boards, where it seemed to him so important that she should kneel, was to her no sacred place.

To her, God had appeared often nearer—in the woods, on the hills, in her own little room. Even the spectacle of her friends, Hepsy and Esther, conducted weeping to the "anxious seat," failed to move her. "I cannot; it would not be honest." Such was Lucy's creed; and her flower-like beauty concealed an underlying strength, even as beneath the mountain slopes enamelled with buttercups spreads the indestructible granite.

By the afternoon of the third day a widespread excitement had seized upon the camp. A rugged and reserved people like those of New England are most formidable when under the influence of unexpected emotion. The very novelty of sensation and expression astounds them. Strong men sobbed; women became hysterical; young girls rushed forward and fell upon their knees; the elders went to and fro among the crowd, expostulating, explaining and entreating. Over all rang at intervals the voice of the choir in wild, sweet snatches.

A dark thundercloud for a moment hid the sun, and one low peal shook the air. Brother Parker stood again by Lucy; he held her hand. She was excited and in tears, but she was firm. Just then a stir took place near them. A young man with bowed head was hurried past by two of the elders. His face was hidden in his hands, but Lucy could not mistake. A sudden tide of emotion shook her soul. If Kane yielded,—if Kane was going to that place,—then she should go too.

Was not her place by him—in time and eternity?

Brother Parker felt the fingers quiver in his grasp, the resistence slacken. Another moment he had led her forward. She was kneeling, kneeling by Kane's side; and this victory of an earthly affection, which was to him an heavenly one, had power to bring tears like rain down the good man's cheeks. Sweetly rang the hymn over them, the cloud floated past, clear sunshine streamed in and bathed the place, and heaven seemed to smile upon the scene.

To our young lovers—who shall say? To some hearts God has revealed himself in this manner. We may not dare to question. But with their deeper thoughts mingled the strange sweetness of being there side by side,—the earthly blending with the unearthly, as it will do while we are things of earth.

"Don't let her converse with any one, Sister Wilder," said Brother Parker, as he restored the agitated Lucy to her friends.—"Keep her aloof this evening. Let no vain conversation or gossip arise to disturb the impression on her mind. To-morrow I will talk with her further.

Oh, Brother Parker, had you noticed the hand-clasp, warmer and more lingering than those who met merely upon a spiritual platform, exchange between your young converts? Did you hope to make matters quite safe for the important conversation of the morrow? O, Brother Parker, who shall guess or compute the moral blindness which Cupid can throw over even a good man's soul?

So Mrs. Wilder keep Lucy "aloof." Poor Kane, hovering about the family group for the chance of a word, found only downcast lashes on the part of his idol, and discouraging looks from the rest. Father, mother, brother Nathan, sister-in-law Ellen, and faithful Draxy,—all were determined there should be no "philandering" that night at least. So the flame in Kane's soul, thus repressed, burned more hotly than ever; and at "mirk midnight" he was still lying, unable to sleep, and longing for the dawn, his eyes fixed on the fair head not a yard from him. A slight movement showed that Lucy too slept not. In a moment, prudence and prosperity alike forgotten, he had gently pushed his pillow some inches nearer.

"Lucy!"

Such a tiny whisper! Smothered by Deacon Allen's hearty snores, it would scarcely have caught the attention of Fine Ear; but Lucy heard.

She half turned, her face dyed with scarlet blushes as she saw the bold head so near. "Oh don't!" she breathed; "somebody will hear!"

"They are sound as dormice," whispered Kane; "they won't wake. Do let me speak, Luch. I shall die if you won't listen. This afternoon, when I knelt there, you know, I said to God, Oh, Lord, I will be a good man and a good church member with Thy help; but how can I be anything good, unless I have the girl I love to go along with me? Oh, let me have her Lord! And just then, Lucy, your dress rustled, and you came and knelt down by me. I knew it in a moment, though I didn't open my eyes. And then I felt that the Lord was as good as they say, and I took it as a sign from Him that I was to have my heart's desire; and I payed, Lucy—I prayed with all my might, for the first time in my life. Did you pray, too, darling?"

"Yes, Kane."

"And for me?"

"Yes, Kane."

"Oh, Lucy, is it real? Could you really care for me? I have loved you always, dear—did you know it? But till to-night I could not speak it out. Will you really be my love and wife, Lucy?"

"Yes, Kane."

Never sounded words so sweet as those three "yes's," breathed in that fairy whisper. Kane put out his hand—little fingers met and clasped it; and just then somebody stirred, and Deacon Atwater, at the far end of the tent, gave a species of snort, and half raised himself. With frightened haste the locked hands unclosed. In half a second Kane and Lucy, to all appearance, were fast asleep. And from that time till morning not a sound broke the stillness of the tent.

Brother Parker was perplexed next day at the attitude of mind in which he found his young disciple. She was very sweet and gentle; bore his questionings patiently. And when he asked: "Did she feel as if she loved God?"—she said, "Yes; and she hoped always to love Him now, for He had made her very happy." But when the further inquiry was propounded. Was this feeling so strong that she felt justified in becoming the wife of a minister of the Gospel?—her answer was "No! She could never have married a minister, any way; and besides—"

"Besides what?"

She had promised Elkanah Robbins to marry *him*.

But when had this promise been made? Long and sorely did Brother Parker puzzle over the matter, and so did Mrs. Wilder, who, in the heat of her astonishment at "that child's thinkin' of a husband," was heard to say, that for her part she couldn't think how they got at each other! Lucy and Kane kept their own counsel, and the affair in time got to be spoken of as "happenin' at the camp;" which fact made it more than usually interesting to the neighbors. Small and transient opposition had our young couple to contend with. They were married the next year. Both were members of the church now, and Kane was on the Conference Committee for the last camp meeting. When people ask if he got religion at Cadiz, he is wont to answer that "that's a matter between him and the Lord; but if not, he got something *most* as good," his eloquent glance finishing the sentence. Elder Robbins will be an indulgent friend to the next generation in Ammonoosuc. And if he should ever lie in tabled state, and hear a little silvery confabulation break in upon the silence of the "guarded tent," we may be pretty sure that he will be conveniently blind and deaf to what is going on,—remembering how sweetly once his Lucy's voice broke the stillness with "Yes, Kane."—*Susan Coolidge.*

The New Teacher.

The Wildacre school was universally thought to be most unmanageable in the State, though it was only a girls' school. When Miss Brierly kept it, the young ladies were down in the lower hall, chattering and flirting with the young men who chanced to lounge that way, or dropping *billets doux* out of the window with a cord, and pulling up the answers by the same means, and sweetening their devotion to Virgil with French candy. If Miss Kew fainted, as she had a nervous trick of doing, half the school would rush to a neighbor's for the camphor bottle before Miss Brierly could look about her, and it was ten to one if any of them returned for the remainder of the session.

"Miss Brierly," Georgie Jones would say, in the blandest tone of friendliness—"Miss Brierly, the braid is ripped off the bottom of your skirt half a yard."

Miss Brierly would reply, in her nervous, hurried way, perfectly conscious of her slovenly appearance. But on her path to the blackboard, another piece of officiousness would give her the same disagreeable information.

"The braid's off your dress, Miss Brierly."

"Yes, thanks; I've just been told;" and thus in her progress about the school-room, a dozen other mischievous girls, as if by preconcerted movement, would announce the same pleasant fact—a dimpled hand would be lifted from one seat and another to ask permission to tell her the braid was ripped off her dress—till Miss Brierly, out of all patience, would cry out:

"The first young lady who speaks about the braid on my dress shall lose a hundred marks and her recess!"

"But it *isn't on* your dress, Miss Brierly, it's ripped *off*," would be the last shot from the most daring foe.

Sometimes the theme was her hair, escaped from its confining pins; and as Miss Brierly wore a switch, and switches were something to blush for in those days, it was, naturally, enough to vex the heart of a saint. The girls of Wildacre were too full of vinegar to reflect whether they would like to stand in Miss Brierly's shoes; and it was through their persistent mischief as much as her own incompetence that she lost her situation, and Mr. Reed came to take her place. Even he found it no bed of roses—a handsome young fellow, with mand, and the muscle of an athlete, an eye like Mars, which was greatly needed at Wildacre to threaten or com- But Mr. Reed had an inherited habit of blushing, and the young ladies were not slow to take advantage of it. Perhaps the ringleader of the school was Geogia Jones, as pretty a little wich as ever worked mischief; she it was who first discovered his weakness, which, let us add, was not not the result of bashfulness, but of a thin skin. Perhaps there was no less bashful man in the world than Mr. Reed, and Miss Georgia was a match for him there, and did her prettiest to put him to confusion. She sketched his unmistakable caricature on the blackboard, where she had been sent to work an algebraic equation, of which he caught a glimpse, turning his head inopportunely. Before her quick hand could erase he had stayed the movement by his own.

"Is *that* your unknown quantity, Miss Jones?" said he. "Please to finish your problem."

Miss Georgie seized the crayon in an instant of daring impudence, and wrote off against the caricature, "x his blush =" and then she paused. Now the woman who hesitates, we know, is lost.

"Can't you finish it?" asked her teacher. "I thought you had committed your lesson. Give me the crayon, if you please."

"=Miss Jones x her impertinence," he wrote.

"Now prove it, sir, if you please," said Miss Georgia, demurely.

"You may take your seat, Miss Jones, and finish your lesson after school." But presently the bell rang, and the young lady whose business it was to answer the door brought up a note which ran thus:

Thomas A. Hicks & Bro., Hardware and Stoves.

HARDWARE & STOVES.

COMPLETE LINE OF ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE.

SPEARS' ANTI-CLINKER SILVER MOON PARLOR STOVE.

This Stove is acknowledged the best Anti-Clinker in the market. THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL IT. The Price has been Reduced to suit the times.

Susquehanna Cook Stoves, Improved, with Anti-Clinker Grate and reversible top plate. Warranted the best Baker made.

Sovereign Portable Range. Can attach Water Back to heat bath room water nearly as cheap as cook stove. Warranted to give satisfaction.

All kinds of CHEAP PARLOR STOVES at the Lowest Prices to suit the Trade.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO., Bellefonte, Pa.

"Will Mr. Reed kindly dismiss Miss Georgia Jones at 10:30, and oblige her aunt."

"Miss Jones," said he, "you may be dismissed."

"*I?*" she asked, with an air of surprise. "I was to remain after school."

"Your aunt requests that you should be dismissed."

"Oh, thanks." There was a general titter as Miss Georgia decamped, casting a triumphant look over her shoulder, for they were all very well aware that the note was a fabrication of her own, carried out by Miss Kew, who had been dismissed on account of a violent fit of sneezing, and returned by means of a small urchin she had bribed with a penny.

Unfortunately for Miss Georgia, Mr. Reed having an errand at the railway station after school encountered her aunt just stepping from the train.

"I didn't know you were out of town," said he. "Have you been away long?"

"Only for a week's shopping. How is Georgie doing, Mr. Reed? Do you think she will graduate this year? I'm anxious, because she will have to teach when she gets through."

"Indeed! hope she may find scholars as docile as herself."

The next time Miss Georgie brought her pencil and requested Mr. Reed to sharpen it, as she sometimes did, he asked, "Are you going to write me another note, Miss Jones?"

"Another note?" she repeated. "When did I ever write you a note?"

"Can you say that you never did?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Reed?"

"What does this mean?" and he produced the note in question.

She gave a little laugh. "It means that you haven't proved your problem yet. All's fair in love and war, they say."

Mr. Reed's face did not reflect her smile, and Georgie noted the fact with astonishment.

"Do you think this quite honest?" he asked.

"Honest?" she repeated coloring. "I certainly do not think it is polite to call me dishonest," defiantly.

"Was it polite to deceive me?"

"Please give me my pencil," said Miss Impertinence. "Your riddles are too hard for me."

"You may take your seat, Miss Jones."

Miss Jones took her seat obediently, and presently the bell rang in the lower hall. A stranger might not have discovered any connection between the two facts; but the young ladies were allowed to answer the bell by turns, and so it happened that it was Miss Georgie's week to perform that pleasant office. She arose quickly to the performance of her duty.

"Compose yourself, Miss Jones," said Mr. Reed.

"Miss Sampson, if you will take charge of the school, I will answer the bell myself!"

There was a general titter led by the disgraced Georgie, as he suspected, for when he reached the lower hall, nobody was to be seen, not so much as a naughty urchin scampering down the green or peering from behind an elm. He went quietly upstairs but said nothing. The next afternoon the bell rang again. "You may go down, Miss Georgie," he said. Miss Georgie did as she was bid dwn, for a wonder, and returning after a reasonable time, remarked that Miss Kew was wanted. Miss Kew was on her feet before the words were well out of Georgie's mouth.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Kew," said Mr. Reed. "I will go down myself to see your friend; if it is anything urgent, you shall follow." Mr. Reed according descended; nobody was there. "You may remain after school, Miss Jones," he said, when he returned; "and in the meantime I will, to prevent any further interruptions from visitors, invite you to take this seat, which I think, is more than an arm's length away from the bell-wire.

Miss Jones had sat where she could watch her chance, touch the bell spring, and take an airing, followed by her favorite chum.

It must be confessed that after the last lingering girl had disappeared and I ft Mr. Reed alone with Georgie in the echoing school-room, with its paneling of blackboard and chalk marks, as if it had gone into half-morning, that he felt just a little nervous and uneasy. It was rather ungallant to ask her to come to him, it was equally undignified to go to her; however, he went presently and sat down in the seat just in front of her, facing, and leaning his arm upon her desk.

"Miss Georgie, I am disappointed in you."

"In me!" looking up archly. "I hadn't promised anything, that I'm aware of."

"I wish you would be serious, Miss Jones. I assure you this seems to me a matter of too much importance to admit of trifling. I could not believe that you would stoop to such devices and deceits! Don't you see how you wound, how you disappoint me! How hard it goes with one who has formed an idea, and—"he paused in his eloquence; Miss Jones was regarding him with an air of surprise; he blushed and stumbled in his speech—"and—and—I don't know what I was about to say; however, I hope you are sorry, Miss Georgie!"

"I am dreadfully sorry to miss my tea; we were going to have hot muffins. Aren't you hungry, Mr. Reed?"

"You don't mean to say that you are not sorry?" he flashed. "It cannot be possible that you have so little regard for truth, you in whom I have believed, with whom I would have trusted everything anything, you whom I love—" He paused again, confounded by his own words, which seemed to have slipped from his lips unbidden.

"Mr. Reed, did you need me after school to listen to a proposal?" she asked, rising quite angrily. "It is something quite unusual."

"I did not intend it, believe me, Miss Jones. Pardon me; but out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh—I must have been thinking aloud. If you have found out my secret, I dare say you are none the happier for it."

"I suppose I may be dismissed if you have nothing more to say?"

There were tears of anger, or of something standing in her eyes.

"You may be dismissed. I have said too much; you have been terribly noncommittal." He held out his hand, but she did not choose to see it, or the dusk prevented. The stars were coming out in the evening sky, scents of wild rose and sweet fern were blowing in through the open windows, and a bell was tolling softly in some remote church tower.

"Shall I walk home with you, Miss Jones?" he asked, as he locked the school house door; "you have quite a walk over a lonely road."

"You might have thought of that earlier. I am not afraid, thank you. I know every rock between here and the farm," she answered, as he held the gate open for her to pass. Mr. Reed's emotions were not of an enviable nature as he walked home alone that evening; he had proposed to that little witch, whom he found it impossible to hate, and she had rebuksd him. A pretty affair between teacher and pupil, verily. How pleasant it would be to open school next day, with each young lady ready to touch his wound with the scalpel of her ridicule, and Miss Georgia more audacious than ever! But Miss Georgia did not present herself, and the mischief of the others seemed to proceed lamely without her. Mr. Reed thanked heaven that it was a half-holiday, and instead of going home to dinner like a sensible man—though what lover ever is sensible, for the matter of that?—he struck out for the woods and the river, a long tramp in the burning sun, and being exhausted on his walk homeward, he threw himself down in the shade of some wild blossoming shrubs and fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of voices. Were the leaves talking? Was the wind syllabling familiar words?

"Georgie had a headache this morning when I called for her; lectures don't agree with her digestion." All at once he sat upright. It was Miss Kew who was speaking, and he could see her and a half a dozen others through the openings among the boughs, weaving oak leaves and gossiping idly.

"Poor Mr. Reed looked like a ghost this morning—a broken reed indeed! I guess he found that Georgie belonged to a stiff-necked generation."

"I wonder what they talked about. Do you suppose she promised him better behavior?"

"Maybe she promised for better or worse."

"Pshaw!" put in Miss Kew, "I asked her if he said anything tender, and she said, 'Tender! is a bear tender?'"

"He hugs."

"I've told her that he was dead in love many's the time," continued Miss Kew, "and meant to marry her some day, with all her imperfections on her head."

"I dare say she wouldn't say 'no.'"

"Indeed, you needent dare to say anything of the sort. Georgie Jones is above marrying a poor pedagogue."

"She's poor herself. Her uncle's only a farmer, and she's got to teach."

"But a beauty like Georgie doesn't need to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. What sort of a match would Mr. Reed be?"

"A lucifer, I guess."

Surely listeners never hear any good of themselves, thought Mr. Reed, as he picked up his hat and strolled quietly away, screened by the friendly leaves. He felt as miserable as a man of twenty-nine is capable of feeling who has been guilty of nothing but an error of judgment. His term would end in a fortnight, however, and then he would throw up his situation and leave Wildacre forever. He walked on and on in an unnatural mood, taking any route that invited, trespassing over corn-fields, climbing stone walls, crossing lazy streams, till all at once the sky seeming to change to inky blackness, shot across with blinding flashes of light; an Atlas weight seemed pressing upon his brain, the sound of roaring cataracts was in his ear, and unconsciousness followed.

There was a young girl rocking and sewing in the farm-house near, who, roused from some absorbing reflections of her own by the approaching feet and the tremor of anxious voices, moved leisurely to the doorway, and encountered the hired men bringing in a burden.

"It's a sunstroke, I reckon," said one. "Don't you be scared, Miss Georgie, 'taint none of your folks."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Georgie. "Call Aunt Sue; call Uncle True. Run for the Doctor, Jane,—run for your life. Oh! oh! Is a sunstroke very dangerous? Can't I bathe his poor head, or do something? Poor fellow! it'll break somebody's heart. Why, it is," with a gasp, —"it is Mr. Reed! Go, both of you, all of you—go for the doctor. I will take care of him. Mr. Reed—dear Mr. Reed—speak to me—look at me. I am your own Georgie, and I am so sorry—so sorry, and I will never, never, never vex you any more if you will just say, 'I love you' again, just once again!" and the tender words somehow reached the half-conscious ear, and he moved his lips feebly, whispering, half-audibly, "Love—I love you! I love you!"

And so it happened that Mr. Reed did not resign his situation at Wildacre, though the trustees were obliged to find a substitute for many a week, while he was recovering from the sunstroke, and while he made a wedding tour. And so it happened that the Wildacre school became the most orderly in the country, perhaps because he married the ringleader!

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SUITS READY MADE, as low as	$10 00
do CUSTOM MADE, do do	20 00
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We are better prepared now THAN EVER BEFORE to manufacture Clothing at the

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Our Stock is complete in all the various and beautiful shades of CHINCHILLA & BEAVER

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Just received by

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Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

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of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloth for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a fu assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

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5-13—tf

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BUREAUS,
SOFAS,
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EXTENSION TABLES,
CHAIRS,
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of every description, quality and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn'a.

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Ready-made Coffins, of all sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also Coffins manufactured to order,

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SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

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Paints,
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We hope by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

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Corner Front and Pine Street,

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ROBERT LOYD, Propr.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

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CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

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A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,

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possesses a much greater power in restoring to a healthy state the mucus membranes of the urethra than either Cubebs or Copaiba. It never produces sickness, is certain and speedy in its action. It is fast superseding every other remedy. Sixty capsules cure in six or eight days. No other medicine can do this.

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules containing Oil of Sandalwood, sold at all drug stores. Ask for circular or send to 35 & 37 Wooster street, New York, for one. v8n18-6m

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For the restoration of Nature's forces. I gives new life and vigor to the aged, and causes the blood of youth to course through the veins. It effectually cures Impotency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Muscular Power, Low Spirits, Disorganization of the Generative Organs, and all the train of ills that follow in the path of the transgressor of Nature's laws. Price $2 per bottle.

It will be readily understood that in the brief pace afforded by the advertising columns of a public print, it is impossible to give all particulars of the diseases that may be cured by the CHEROKEE MEDICINES. That they are destined to become immensely popular is plainly obvious in consequence of their

GREAT INTRINSIC MERIT.

The pamphlet and circulars that accompany the medicines give all the information which cannot be given here, and the remedies may be had of any respectable druggist.

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Over 300 Modifications.

TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS

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Stoves and Tinware.

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MANUFACTURED FROM THE

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DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

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The highest market price paid for

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LEAVE WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL. A. M.	EXPRESS A. M.
Bellefonte	7.00	11.30
Milesburg	7.10	11.40
Snow Shoe Intersection	7.15	11.45
Snow Shoe City	8.30	1.60

LEAVE EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL. A. M.	EXPRESS. P. M.
Snow Shoe City	9.00	3.40
Snow Shoe Intersection	10.12	4.51
Milesburg	10.20	4.58
Bellefonte	10.30	5.12

DANIEL RHOADS, Gen. Supt.

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-1y.

COLLECTOR'S SALE

BLANKS.

75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen.

Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

New Stock of Boots and Shoes.

NEW FALL GOODS

AT POWERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE, OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE.

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES of every style and description.
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES to suit all minds.
CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES as fine and fancy as anyone could desire.

Call and see them. You cannot fail to find something that will please you. We are determined to sell, and will not be undersold by any other person in the business. We have a large stock from the very best to the cheapest.

All kinds of goods in the Boot and Shoe line manufactured at reasonable rates.

no 34 m

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 90. G. A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 2 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 241, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——And now we have the slippery pave—insure against accidents with W. B. Rankin.

——The Millheim *Journal* denies that there is any project on foot to secure a railroad from Millheim to Coburn's Forks to intersect the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek Railroad.

No War.—A large stock of new and fresh groceries received by Sechler & Co. and will be sold cheap for cash, or on short credit of thirty days. Remember the place, Sechler's in the Bush House block.

——The *Journal* says: That John C. Ripka has raised 900 pumpkins from half an acre of ground. We confess that this is a socking pumpkin crop, and the Valleyites must scratch gravel to hold their own against the Mountaineers.

——Those who profess to know all about the signs of the times predict a severe winter. Just now the people are ill-prepared for a long siege of cold weather, and their circumstances are such that preparation seems almost an impossibility. Employment is scarce, money is scarcer, and wages very low.

——Who will be our next President? But it matters very little to J. Newman, Jr., of the Eagle Clothing House, whether Tilden or Hayes will be our next President, as regards prices of clothing, for he is selling goods lower than ever, and lower than the lowest. He has just received a new supply for the holidays. Be sure and call on him.

——The glory of the autumn has departed, and stern winter is here. There is no balm in the sighing winds, and the day breaks tardily—all proclaiming that one of the fairest of seasons of the year has left us, and that the year too—the Centennial year—will soon be gone. Times change, and with them we change also. The youth gives place to old age.

——Mrs. Bamboozle was astonished when the milliner asked for her model. "Why, a model is a bust made of wood, corresponding to the figure to fit a dress to." "I declare," said the old-fashioned dame, "I never was busted in my life and ain't no model woman, but I will send Waity Jane, as she becomes my clothes better than I do, and wears 'em when I have done, if not afore, and she breaks in my new boots to a jiffy."

——Appropriate to the season of the year are heard complaints from the farmers of injuries sustained and annoyance caused by gunners running over their properties. Some parties advertise trespassers to keep off, while others bear it in silence. The cause of complaint is sometimes broken fence rails or neglected bars, while in other cases it arises from a desire to preserve for home use, the rabbits, which have fed and fattened in the fields where they are found.

——The indications are that we shall have no scarcity of poultry for the holidays. The farmers say this has been an exceptionally good year for the production of both turkeys and chickens, they having been almost entirely free from cholera or other diseases throughout the season. This is fully verified by the vast number of chickens put upon the market during the summer months, and the numerous fine looking fowls now in the coops of the tradesmen. Ah, the savory turkeys with its artificial intestines!

——This is the the season when housewives pack away butter for winter use, and a recipe may therefore be in order, which is said to be an excellent method of preserving it. It is to take one tablespoonful of pulverized saltpetre and one tableblespoonful of pulverized sugar to every eight pounds of butter. Add half the usual quantity of salt, and pack in a stone crock. Cover with salt about an inch in thickness, and then place a muslin cloth over the whole. By this means butter has been kept good from September until May.

——On last Wednesday Dr. Neff's horse took fright this side of the railroad and started off. The Doctor fell from the wagon and was afterwards picked up in an unconscious state, having struck the ground with his head. He was brought home, and was soon able to be about again, though feeling much soreness from the fall. A little son of Adam Thomas was also upon the wagon and thrown out, and was seriously bruised.—*Reporter.*

Scarcity of Money.—There is no doubt but the present situation of all kinds of business and industry is fearfully depressed, and it behooves every family to look carefully to their expenses. Winter is coming on when children are liable to croup, whooping cough, etc. Coughs and colds will prevail everywhere, and consumption with other throat and lung diseases will carry off many. These diseases should not be neglected. Doctor bills are expensive, and we would advise our people to use Boschee's German Syrup. It never has failed. One bottle at 75 cents will keep your whole family well during the winter. Two doses will relieve any case. Sold in all towns in the United States, and by your druggists, J. Zellers & Son, and F. Potts Green. 3stt

——One day last week, as a son of Mr. George Brumgard, of Miles twp., was on his return from Mifflinsburg, with a six-horse team, having taken a load of grain to market, he was stopped by three men in the Narrows, who came out of the woods. One of the men took hold of the lead, a second of the saddle horse, and a third of young Brumgard, and demanded his money. Young Brumgard told the fellow that he wanted a little time to consider the matter, and drawing a revolver gave the villians to understand that he would put a ball through the first fellow that made an attack upon him. This was more spunk than the scamps had expected and they fled. Pity he did not give the cowards a taste of cold lead, anyway. So many similar attacks having occurred of late in our mountain passes, persons travelling through them should always be prepared and show pluck like Brumgard.—*Reporter.*

——Mr. C. E. A. McGeachy will lecture before the Cresson Literary Society, at State College, on Dec. 13th. Subject, "Cheek is a Good Thing." He delivered this lecture some time ago in the Presbyterian church in Hoboken. The local paper of that place, in speaking of the lecture, says:

The Church was filled to overflowing with a highly critical assemblage, to hear what Mr. C. E. A. McGeachy, the irrepressible "Mac" of Danbury fame, had to say on "Cheek is a Good Thing."

He opened his lecture by announcing that he was "lecturing for his health," and thenceforward kept the risibilities of his hearers continually in play by his astounding revelations as to the definition and philosophy of cheek, showing up the subject in a light certainly convincing, if not exhaustive. "Cheek" found an amusing champion in "Mac's" mellifluous arguments. His theories were a series of surprises that smote the audience in the most astounding manner. His citations and illustrations were every one original and conclusive. Esau and Jacob, Sir Walter Raleigh, Samson, Prof. Huxley, Beecher, Talmage, Dr. Bellows, Mark Twain, "Eli Perkins," editors, ministers, lawyers, doctors, lovers, Wall street brokers, everybody in fact, were all deftly dissected and laid bare. Upon the whole, the lecture was a success and somewhat instructive, and can only be appreciated by "seeing" it delivered. "Mac's" style and intonation being his peculiar own. Hoboken now rests assured that "Cheek *is* a Good Thing," indeed! There are other districts to "concur" as the lecture season progresses.

The Beaten Party.—"My son," said a Burlington father to his hopeful son, "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yesterday, as I told you to; you left the back gate open and let the cow get out; you cut off eighteen feet from the clothes-line to make a lasso; you stoned Mr. Robinson's pet dog and lamed it; you put a hard shell turtle in the hired girl's bed; you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobsen's door bell, and painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polaby's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out at the front window. Now what am I—what can I do to you for such conduct?" "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the candidate. The father replied, sternly: "No trifling, sir, no, I have yet several reports to receive from other of the neighbors." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official count is in." Shortly afterward the election was thrown into the house, and before half the votes were canvassed, it was evident from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was badly beaten. But this is not the way with Sechler & Co. The returns are all in and they are elected by a tremendous majority, and all fair. No frauds, intimidation, or violence. The whole of Centre county were on the Returning Board, and they pronounced this firm just the cheapest and best place in this state to buy all kinds of groceries, tobacco and cigars, queens ware, willow ware; and also that they have the most polite and accommodating clerks in the world. The reputation of the Teats brothers as first-class salesmen is as wide as the boundaries of the state.

Personals.—Mr. C. F. Leidy, who has been for some time past local editor of the Clinton *Republican*, has retired from the position and is succeeded by Mr. Morlock. Mr. Leidy has been a bright light to the *Republican*, but he has left the quill in good hands.

—Jesse Kreamer, of North Millheim, has sold his property to George Harter, and is going to journey to Kansas in the spring.

—D. & R. Underwood, of Unionville, paid their subscription Nov. 25th to Sept. 13, '76. This is an old lumber firm and a reliable one. The Underwoods are noted throughout the county for fair, square dealing.

—J. H. Mitchell, of Lemont, called upon us November 16 and paid to May 24, 1877, and if he has no other receipt he has it here. He is always prompt to pay within the year. If all our patrons would do likewise it would make us supremely happy.

—A. M. Sarvy, Karns City, Butler county, Pa., is a new patron. He tries the paper for six months. This is the first time we ever saw the gentleman. He is an agreeable, affable fellow, and we hope he will call again when he is this way.

—Another man up from Zion, J. G. Royer, by name, and paid to March 10, '77. Zion ought to be a good place, and we have no doubt but that it is good perhaps as the Zion of old, and our subscribers are no doubt the very best men in the place. At any rate they are, the most of them, prompt pay.

—D. A. Musser, of Millheim, is building a new cement and plaster mill. If they could only build up a good moral sentiment in that community among the Democracy, so that they could tell the truth about elections, or when they make a promise would keep it, it would redound to the glory and honor of Millheim.

—Edward L. Grey, of this office, who has for the last four months been on a tour of inspection and pleasure in the New England states, has returned, and will again sling type for us. He comes back to us much improved by his travels, and will no doubt grasp the helm again with renewed vigor, born of added experience.

—Rev. John Coleman, of Bellefonte, called upon us November 17. He is the pastor of the A. M. E. church, of this place, and we should judge is doing a good work. They have, in the past few weeks, been having a revival, and many new members have been added to the church. Rev. Coleman is an earnest, consistent Christian worker, and deserves the encouragement of the people of this place.

——Five dollars per week for every $1,000 insured. Paid by W. B. Rankin in case of accidents.

——It is strange how close men read the newspapers. We never say anything that anybody don't like, but what we soon hear of it. If, however, once in a while we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that. We pay some man a hundred compliments and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it all as a tribute of his goodness and he never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say things this man don't like, or something he imagines is a reflection on him or his character, see how quick he flares up and gets mad about it. All our evils are duly charged to us, but we never apparently get any credit for what good we do.

——Elegant hair is woman's crowning beauty. When it fades, she fades as well. While it is kept bright, her personal attractions are still maintained. By preserving the hair fresh and vigorous a youthful appearance is continued through many years. Those who grieve over their fading hair turning gray too early should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents it, and restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. It is a clear and healthful preparation, containing neither oil, dye, nor anything deleterious, and imparts to the scalp what is most needed—a sense of pleasant and delightful freedom from scurf or dandruff.—*New Berne (N. C.) Times.*

——Mr. Joseph Grassmire, who was one of the West ward reform Democrats last fall, was so unfortunate in his domestic relations that he was indicted before the late court and convicted of abusing his wife. Joseph, in his own defense, swore that his wife removed the household goods from their late residence in the West ward to the hill in the North ward, on the third day of October, which compelled him to make his home at the Snow Shoe intersection. Now, there was one little thing Joseph forgot, and that was on the day of election he declared or swore that he had never left the West ward, which at this time makes it a matter of interest to know upon which occasion he told the truth. Perhaps the judge of the election can give us some light on the subject, as he decided on Grassmire's right to vote. The moral to this story is, that a man who *licks* his wife should be careful to consider whether his oath to get himself a vote will conflict with his defense when he meets his wife in court.

——The accident insurance office is north-west of Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

Thanksgiving.—Last Thusday was Thanksgiving Day, set apart as such by proclamation of the President and the Governor of the state. It is hardly necessary for us to inflict a homily upon our readers concerning the proper observance of the day. The day was very generally observed in Bellefonte, and most every family, we doubt not, had a turkey. Most of us can call to mind reasons for thankfulness, even though as a rule the year that has passed since the last annual Thanksgiving may not have been one of more than average wordly prosperity. As to that each individual must be the judge, but he who has nothing for which he can be thankful, must be poor, indeed. At any rate it will do no harm even for the most unfortunate to indulge in a retrospective view and come, if possible, to a realizing sense of the good and evil that has fallen to his lot, striking, so to speak, a ballance between the two, bearing in mind how much of the good was due to his own deserts and what part of the evil resulted from personal misconduct or imprudence. All men have their joys and no one is exempt from sorrow. As we make our bed, so must we lie in it comfortably or uneasily. Exceptions sometimes occur, but they only prove the universality of the rule. We mark out our own careers and must accept the inevitable consequences. In a superficial sense happy fortune often comes to those who, to all appearances, least deserve it. On the other hand some who strive worthily, or seek to do so, seemingly fail. But material prosperity does not always bring happiness to those who achieve it, nor does its absence necessarily involve a loss of spiritual buoyancy. What we gain in one way we frequently lose in another. There can be no doubt that, as a whole, the people of this country have been peculiarly blessed and have reason to rejoice over the outcome of the year, and the great majority have individual occasion for thankfulness to the great giver of all good—if not that, they have accomplished all their desires, at least that matters are no worse. There are none so low down in the depths of degredation and want, but that a lower strata of misery may be reached. We hope, at least, that every reader of the Republican, either inside or outside of Centre county, sat down on Thanksgiving day of the Centennial year to a good square dinner of turkey and plain pudding. The custom of appointing annually a day of thanksgiving and prayer is an ancient one, dating anterior to the birth of the Republic to the early colonial times in New England, and from there it has extended all over this country. This is one way in which the down east Yankee is leaving his lasting impress upon the character and institutions of the great Republic.

——The liberal patronage of the farmers to the new elevator of Shortlidge & Co., last week, so exasperated the older grain dealers that on Friday evening a council of war was held in Wagner's store, which was attended by T. R. Reynolds, Jonathan Harper, and D. M. Wagner. The matter of purchasing grain was there discussed and Reynolds declared that Shortlidge & Co. must be driven out of the business. Eastern prices were considered, and an advance of seven cents per bushel for wheat was agreed upon. This, it was claimed, would drive Shortlidge & Co. to the wall. Every thing being in readiness, the combination adjourned, and on Saturday morning they were out bright and early to head off wheat that might be going to Shortlidge. They captured just one load, when Shortlidge discovered the movement and proved to be equal to the emergency. The farmers began to pour into the coal yard, and by noon the usual quantity of wheat was on hand, which was promptly unloaded, and for which the combination price was paid *in cash*. The last seen of T. R. Reynolds was behind a freight car, near the depot, looking over the platform at Shortlidge's operations, who, to his astonishment, discovered that the gun he undertook to spike the night before was throwing hot shot as usual. Several farmers who came to town, on learning these facts, called on Mr. Shortlidge to extend their congratulations and sympathies, at the same time requesting them to only buy grain as long as they can sell at a profit, and when they can't do that not to buy, which will be equally satisfactory to the farming community, who will not forget that the coal yard is entitled to their patronage. The gist of this transaction is that it is a conspiracy of capital and greed to break down activity, energy, honesty, fair dealing, and legitimate competition, on the part of those who used to control the grain trade of this town, who, when their store houses were filled at their own prices, would put down the price as well as find fault with the grade of wheat, which was often marked No 2, as an additional means of skinning the farmer, consumers at the same time being charged full prices for flour. We give these would-be sharpers fair notice that their eleventh hour repentance will not atone for their past sins in the eyes of farmers, and the only way they can redeem their fallen fortunes is by paying more than the market price for grain, or they will not get it, and legitimate competition will be sustained—fair dealers will receive the patronage.

P. S.—Monday, December 4, 1876. The wheat buyers were early in the field this morning, the combination advancing the price to $1 30, Shortlidge & Co. receiving the largest amount. Tom Reynolds was never so affable and agreeable to farmers as now. He meets them on the road and begs for patronage, which he can only get by paying more than the market price.—Ad.

Report of Loveville School.—This school is situated in Half Moon township, about two and one-half miles from Centre Line and four miles from Stormstown and Port Matilda. The building, although not old by any means, lacks nearly all the modern improvements; and with the exception of a few square feet of black-board surface, is entirely destitute of apparatus. A school may be *kept* in such a room, but it cannot be *taught* with any degree of success. A mechanic would not be expected to perform a piece of work without the necessary tools; and yet teachers, whose work is of incomparably more value, are expected to perform their work in many instances without the rudest piece of apparatus. When will the patrons of our country schools realize the fact that the proper development of the human intellect is of vastly more importance than the price of stocks or the cultivation of the soil? The subject of apparatus is being agitated by the board, and before the close of another month I hope to be able to report that this school has been supplied with globe, maps, charts, etc.

The first month opened Oct. 30th, with thirteen pupils, and closed Nov. 29th with the names of twenty-eight enrolled. The entire number of pupils spell, twenty-two read, nineteen write, twenty study arithmetic, eighteen geography, ten grammar and one algebra. Some instruction is given daily in vocal music and drawing. The attendance is quite regular for a country school, but not as prompt as could be desired. The monthly report shows only one pupil, John Hastings, to have been neither tardy nor absent at any time. Minnie Roop, Eva Ebbs, Frank and Miles Wrye, Laura, Lizzie and Newton Cole are the names of others who were present every day. The percentage of attendance for the month is 95. Here, as in all ungraded schools, in order that all the pupils may be accommodated, so many branches must be taught, and so many classes formed that the recitation periods are too short to allow pupils the advantages they are intended to afford. Then, too, there is too great a disposition on the part of most pupils, as soon as a lesson is recited, to dismiss all thought of it from the mind until another term of school opens, when the same books must be brought forward and the same lessons studied and recited. This is repeated year after year until the pupil is "too big" to attend school, and he has nothing but a few fragments of knowledge for all his toil and study. The fact should be impressed upon the mind of the pupil that each lesson forms a link in a great chain embracing the whole subject, and to miss a recitation is to lose a link, without which the chain would be incomplete. Many parents are entirely too careless in supplying their children with books and the little necessaries, such as pens, pencils, etc., and enforcing prompt and regular attendance. More Anon.,

——They were sitting together, and he was arduously thinking what to say. Finally he burst out with, "In this land of noble achievements and undying glory why is it that women do not come more to the front—why is it that they no not climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose," said she, putting her finger in her mouth, "it is all on account of their pull backs."

——In another column will be found a report of the Loveville school. It is well written and will be found very interesting. Our correspondent should in the future, however, remember to write only on one side of the paper.

——Be sure and procure an accident ticket for $3,500 for 25 cents per day, with $15 weekly indemnity in case of accident. W. B. Rankin, agent.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Littell's Living Age for 1877.—This standard periodical, now over thirty-three years old, doubtless affords the most comprehensive and, all things considered, the cheapest means of keeping well informed in the best literature of the day. To this fact, more generally recognized every year, may be attributed its continued and increasing success.

The ablest living writers in science, fiction, history, biography, philosophy, poetry, theology, politics, criticism and art, are represented in its pages. A list of some of them will be found in the prospectus published in another column, affording a sufficient evidence of the *quality* of the magazine, while in quantity of reading it is unapproached by any other periodical.

It is, in short, the only thorough compilation of an indispensable current literature,—indispensable because it embraces the work of the foremost writers upon all topics of living interest; and as such, its importance and convenience to every American reader can hardly be over-estimated. It has always ranked as chief among the eclectics; it has absorbed its competitor. "*Every Saturday*;" and in the multitude of quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, it can hardly be dispensed with by any person or families desiring a satisfactory compendium of whatever is of immediate interest or permanent value in the literary world.

For the new year an extra offer is made to all new subscribers, and reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are also given, by which a subscriber is, at remarkable small cost, put in possession of the cream of both home and foreign literature. Our readers who are selecting their periodicals for the year would do well to examine their prospectus. There can hardly be any other way of obtaining so cheaply or conveniently so much of the best work of the best minds of the time.

"From the Earth to the Moon."—We have just received this new book, by Jules Verne, the famous author of "Around the World in Eight Days," ect., It is a most interesting, indeed exciting, story of a remarkble attempt to hurl a hollow projectile containing three persons, viz: Barbicane, Nicholl and Ardan, *to the moon!* This projectile was discharged from an enormous cannon, built at a cost of $2,500,000, and the wonderful voyage began. The earth is far below them, the moon is only 300 miles away—a passing comet nearly dashes them to pieces. Like all of Verne's works, its pages are charming reading, and its profuse and striking illustrations, by Twenty-Eight fine engravings, greatly increases the pleasure of its perusal. Although the ordinary price of this book is $2.00, yet The Lakeside Library edition now before us is sold for only Ten Cents, complete and unabridged! For sale by the Newsdealers, or sent postpaid by the publishers, Donnelley, Loyd & Co., Chicago.

MARRIED.

HOLTER—SMITH.—On the 30th of November, by Rev. W. E. Detwiler, Mr. John B. Holter to Miss Carrie B. Smith, both of Centre county.

GLASS—CRAUFORD.—On the 21st of November, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Mr. John F. Glass and Miss Ella J. Crauford.

CLOSE—ALEXANDER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Milroy, November 15, by Rev. L. F. Smith, Jas. H. Close, of Armagh township, and Miss M. Blanche Alexander, of Milroy, formerly of Centre Hall.

DIED.

JACOBS.—On the 24th of November, in Potter township, Benjamin Jacobs, aged about 60 years.

WISE.—In Logansville, Clinton county, on the 6th of October, Daniel Wise, aged 70 years, 2 months, and 8 days.

SCHRACK.—Near Booneville, Clinton county, Mr. David Schrack, Sr., died November 15, aged 62 years, 7 months, and 3 days.

FRANK.—November 13, Mr. Daniel Frank, aged 54 years.

Bellefonte Markets.

Bellefonte, Dec. 6, 1876.

A tour among our business houses on Saturday brought to our notice that Messrs. Harper Bros., S. & A. Loeb, and the new store of Valentines & Co., were doing the bulk of the dry goods trade; while Sechler & Co. had a full share of grocery buyers. These establishments are all well supplied with the best selected stocks in town, at such low prices that buyers can't help but deal with them. They not only have good goods, but accommodating clerks, who are pleasant to deal with. We noticed customers from remote parts of the county buying at these houses, who had no doubt been attracted by the live competition and exceedingly low prices.

Grain—The activity in the wheat market, among the buyers, grows more active as the season advances, and we note an increase in price of from 7 to 10 cents since our last report.

The feeling against the new elevator, as developed by the old buyers on Saturday, was so fierce that a pitched battle was not unexpected, but the farmers took a calm view of the matter dividing their patronage as usual, and left town with a broad grin on their faces, quoting the old adage that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The old buyers declare they will pay more than the current market price rather than allow the wheat to go through the new elevator, and we shall wait with some interest for the coming developments.

Corn—Old corn is scarce, and is firmly held, but there is no change in price. The new crop is not ready to shell yet.

Rye—The market for rye, except in a liquid state, is very quiet, but buyers take it at our quotations.

Oats—There seems to be no change in the oats market, and holders are loth to take the price; but the outlet is limited, which there is no means of remedying.

Cloverseed—There is a good demand for choice clean seed. The blue seed is the best. Buyers look at the red seed with caution and suspicion, and only take it at low prices. We advise farmers to make their seed clean before bringing it to market.

Potatoes—The crop of potatoes in the county proves to be very much larger than at first anticipated. Those who bought by the car load in the fall with the expectation of realizing high retail prices have been disappointed and they are now freely offered at $1 per bushel.

Beef—Beef is not so plenty as at first reported, and is now selling at 6 to 7 cents per pound by the carcass—the latter figure in trade.

Pork—Pork is in abundance and buyers only pay 5 cents per pound in cash and 6 cents per pound in trade, by the hog, which is very low.

Hay—Prime hay is freely offered at $12 per ton.

The merchants seem to make a wide difference in articles of credit between cash and trade, which shows how close money sticks when once in the hands of those who get it.

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 30
Red wheat	1 30
Rye per bushel	55
Corn, cob new	40
Corn, shelled old	45
Oats	25
Clover seed	8 00
Flour, retail per barrel	6.50
Flour, wholesale	6.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$15 00
Hay Mixed per ton	12.00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 50
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	11 50

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	12
Apples, per bush	25
Butter	25
Cherries, dried, per pound	10
Beans, per quart	8
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Chickens, per piece	25
Turkeys, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	18
Hams, per pound	18
Bacon	12 & 14
Lard, per pound	15
Eggs, per doz	18
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes, per bush	$1 & 1 25
Dried Beef	25
Wilson's Pressed Pork, per lb	25
Cod Fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	18
Oranges, per doz	50
Lemons, per doz	40

Philadelphia Stock Market.

Quotations of White, Powell & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1876.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	116¾	116¾
" 5-20 " '65, M. and N	109¾	119¾
" " " '65, J. and J	112¾	112¾
" " " '67, " "	115¾	115¾
" " " '68, " "	116¾	116¾
" 10-40 coupon	113	113¾
" Pacific 6's, cy	121¾	121¾
New 5's, Reg. 1881	111¾	111¾
" " c 1881	112¾	112¾
Gold	108¾	108¾
Silver	109	100
Pennsylvania	45¼	45¾
Reading	20¾	21
Philadelphia and Erie	12¾	13
Lehigh Navigation	27¾	27¾
" Valley	48	48¾
United R. R. of J	138	138¾
Oil Creek	8¾	8¾
Northern Central	24¾	25¾
Central Transportation	39¾	40
Nesquehoning	50¾	52
North Pennsylvania	48	49
C. & A., Mortgages 6's '89	107¾	108